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Christmas Number.

LADIES' JOURNAL

December, 1895.

Christmas, 1895.

A happy, happy Christmas
Be yours to-day!
Oh, not the failing measure
Of fleeting earthly pleasure,
But Christmas joy abiding,
While years are swiftly gliding
Be yours, I pray,
Through Him who gave us Christmas Day!

—F. R. Havergal.

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Buttons were used in Troy. Schliemann found over 1,800 of gold.

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Lamps were used before written history. Thousands of ancient lamps have been found.

Curtains were employed for bedsteads in the 11th century; they were afterwards transferred to windows.

Dishes of gold and silver used in table service in 900 B. C. were found at Troy by Dr. Schliemann. One of these was about the size now employed.

Outer blinds for windows were unknown until the 14th century. The Venetian or interior blinds are so called because they were first used in Venice.

Pepper castors were used by the Athenians, pepper being a common condiment. They were placed on the table with the salt in England in the 16th century.

The first patent for a sewing-machine was issued in England in 1790. This early invention was not successful, and other patents were issued in 1804, 1818 and scores of times since.

Rocking-cradles for the babies were used by the Egyptians many centuries before Christ. Among the picturies copied by Belzoni is one of an Egyptian mother at work with her foot on the cradle.

Tumblers of nearly the same shape and dimensions as those employed to-day have been found in great numbers in Pompeii. They were of gold, silver, glass, agate, marble and other semi-precious stones.

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A Use for Big Sleeves.

"LET me get hold of the new woman, or the so-called new woman," says Mrs. BallingtonBooth "I would make her change her dress the first thing. I would take her big sleeves and make them into dresses for the children of the slums. I am sure a great many little dresses could be made out of those sleeves.

"The next thing I would do," she continued, "would be to collect the books that the new woman reads, books that any God-fearing, right-feeling woman would blush to have about her, disgusting treatises on realism and kindred topics. I would pile these books all up together and burn them, burn them along with her cigarettes and her chewing gum.

"The new woman, as she is commonly pictured, is not the advanced woman of the age, with whom I am heart and soul in sympathy. The so-called new woman is a very poor copy of a mock man. But she is a very coarse, unfeminine creature, from whom men and woman alike turn with aversion. She imitates the garb and manner of a not overnice type of man, even while she belittles man in the abstract. She does more; she comes forward to trample on the traditions of our mothers, and of the mother who kissed her in the cradle and made a woman of her. This abnormal woman professes to scorn wifehood and aspirations above motherhood. I am sure that if not utterly given over to selfishness and blind to every thing good, a happy marriage would convert such a woman, for if she felt the touch of childish lips, had childish arms around her neck and a fair little head pillowed on her breast she could not so outrage her very womanliness by giving vent to such sentiments as these."

The Star of Bethlehem.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain
The glimmering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

The Yule Log.

When the Yule log burns upon the hearth,
With carol, chime and Christmas cheer,
A fire should kindle in each sou
To gladden all the coming year;
A flame to brighten heart and home,
And shine as well for other eyes,
Fed by good deeds which still glow on
When dim and cold the Yule log lies.

No life so poor but it may know
A Spark of this divinest fire.
No life so beautiful and rich
But still, flame-like, it may aspire.
Then kindle Yule logs far and wide
To burn on every happy hearth,
Fit symbols of the faith and love
That purify and bless the earth

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CHRISTMAS.

BY KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

Hark from the restless street
The whirl and din.
The million hearts that beat
And break therein!
Hark! from the quiet leas,
The streaming dells,
Borne on the frosty breeze
The sound of bells!

Ring out, O Christmas bells!
In music flow,
Wherever sorrow dwells
Or strife or woe.
Proclaim the blessed birth,
That wafts again,
Peace to the troubled earth—
Good will to men!

Nearly two thousand years have passed since the star of the nativity went before the wondering, expectant wise men of the East, and in verification of their traditional interpretation of prophecy, "stood over" the fields of Bethlehem, on that historic plain where centuries before mighty deliverances had been wrought in the name of the "God of the hosts of Israel."

It was the birthplace of David. Here, sling in hand, he had guarded his father's flock; here he had been annointed; and in one of the most touching incidents of his later life, when compelled to flee from the jealous hostility and murderous designs of Saul, it was to these peaceful scenes that his mind instinctively reverted, and he pleaded with his followers: "Oh! that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethelem that is at the gate!"

These were the fields that have been made "beautiful forever to the imagination, by the charming idyl of David's ancestress, Ruth the Moabitess."

But now a greater than David; He who should bring that spiritual deliverance which the Old Testament prophets foretold, had come to earth. And yet not the wise men, nor even Mary, the exultant young mother, could fully interpret these wonderful prophecies, or know that in the ages yet to come millions of men would joyously unite in celebrating the birth of Him who was then cradled in a manger.

And, indeed, it was long after Jesus had lived his beautiful, helpful life, and bravely met his tragic death; long after the fire of Pentecostal day had kindled the flame of the spirit in the breast of His beloved disciples, and they, too, had finished their faithful work on earth and joined their risen Master, that any attempt to celebrate his coming was made.

The actual date of the birth of Jesus Christ was lost to the early Christian church, and was a subject of much investigation and discussion. Indeed, it was uncertain long after the institution of Christmas, and for two centuries this was one of the most movable of feast days. We say for "two centuries," because we know that it was not until the fourth century that a large body of theologians, who at the instance of Cyril of Jerusalem, had made a searching investigation of the subject, agreed upon the 25th of December as being the date of the nativity; and though the date of the institution of Christmas is not positively known, the best authorities concur in thinking it to have been early in the second century.

There was by no means a unanimous concurrence in this opinion of the early theologians, nor, indeed, has there ever been since; and yet so long has this decision been adhered to that to us Christmas means the 25th of December, and the 25th of December means Chsistmas, and any attempt to change it would seem sacriligious.

As some one has beautifully said, "it is a very inconsequential thing to know whether Jesus Christ was actually born on the day we commemorate; it is a wonderful thing that on any one day all Christendom unites to celebrate the glorious birth of the Prince of Peace; that on one day above all others is the Christ-child born in our hearts. And so beautiful has the day grown in the imagination of millions, that if by a revelation from heaven we could know the actual birthday of Jesus to have been months away from it, to the whole world it would always stand as the real Christmas, the holiest of the holy days, the most joyous of holidays.

The old Romans annually celebrated a festival in honor of Saturn, called Saturnalia. This occurred in December, originally during one day, but afterwards lasting seven days. It was a period of unrestrained license and merriment, and the

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

coarsest and most revolting revelry; and sacrilig-ious feasts were indulged in by all classes in common. This custom, no doubt, had much influence in determining the early Christians to institute Christmas as a Christian feast day. Yet devoted and loyal as they were to their Master, they "builded wiser than they knew." The Saturnalia is gone and long since forgotten, but the sacred and beautiful Christmas not only remains and will remain for all time, but never before was it so beautiful, helpful and sacred; never did so many people rejoice because of the birth and life of Jesus Christ.

It would be interesting to follow the observation of Christmas from even a few centuries ago until now. Much of the old Pagan festivities were mingled with its celebration. "Bacchus was at rivalry with the holy child for its honors, Christmas cheer was Christmas wassail, and and liberty meant license." In speaking of its observance in England only ten centuries ago, one writer said: "Christmas ivy-crowned, with song and games and license, went reeling around for twelve mortal days of jollity." Indeed, so indignant did the better class of her people become that they at length persuaded the British Parliament to formally abolish it. This was easily done, and though Christmas did not go, a check was given to the riotous, heathenish manner in which it was often celebrated.

The beautiful custom of hanging gifts on a tree is said to date from the Druids, who dedicated such gifts to sylvan spirits; and not only this, they hung the interior of their huts with pine and holly, believing that good spirits would lodge in them and bring a blessing. They also gave New Years' gifts to the faithful of mistletoe, cut in sacred forests with a golden knife.

The Romans used laurel as a decoration because it was significant of triumph and peace, they sent the New Year's gifts of figs and dates in wrappings of costly gold-leaf and annually consecrated silver pieces to the purchase of elegant statues of the gods.

When the old superstition of lighting the yule-log was generally observed in England it was by many carefully chosen of oak, fir, cedar or larch; never of any tree known to be associated with pagan rites. The aspen is by many believed to be the tree from which the Savior's cross was made, and tradition informs us that the restless quiver of its leaves is owing to the curse which fell upon the tree from that tragic occurrence.

For many years there was little observance of Christmas in this country. Certainly anything like a general observance of the day dates from the commencement of the present century. After that date its observance gradually increased with each recurring anniversary. Aromatic greens and bright berries crept into the houses; the Christmas tree, most beautiful of all decorations, was occasionally seen; the feast of turkey, plum pudding and mince pie, seasoned with merriment and good will, was at length sanctioned; mistletoe was hung to catch the unwary; games played and Christmas carols sung. In short the idea (dim, to be sure) of a singing, joyous Christianity; of a religion adapted to human nature; of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, had come into the world. There have been many changes of opinion and methods of celebration during the past half-century, but despite the croakings of pessimists, they in the main denote the steady advancement of intelligence, good will, and Christianity. The old myths and legends which inevitably gathered around it are no longer believed in; and if perchance we cling to some old superstitious custom, it is for remembrance sake, rather than from any faith in its efficacy. We have learned, or are fast learning, that no myths or legends, however fascinating or wonderful, can influence character like an intelligent appreciation of the simple, unselfish, holy life of Jesus and a determination to imitate it. That the more we learn to appreciate the human side of Christ's nature the closer will be our sympathy, the more inspiration, courage and strength we shall draw from his example; the more sincere will be our rejoicing at his birth, and the more hallowing the influence of his divinity.

We have done much for Christmas, but it has done more for us. It has routed selfishness; stirred us to thoughtfulness of others; and shown us that a heart overflowing with kindness, though it can give no other gift than the "sunshine of a smile, the radiance of sympathy, or the benediction of a joyous countenance, will certainly seem angelic to hundreds who in this struggling old world need nothing so much as real kindness."

Then let us open our hearts as never before to its hallowing influence, and at least for one day reproduce the angel's song of "Peace on earth, good will to men," remembering that

"Each soul that has breath and being,
Is touched with heaven's own fire—
Each living man is part of the plan
To lift the world up higher.

"No matter how narrow your limits,
Go forth and make them broad;
You are every one the daughter and son—
Crown Prince or Princess of God."

Christmas Games.

HERE may be some who premise that a Christmas party should not be forced into merriment. That is, when some of the guests evince an unwillingness to "play" let them look on. It is not likely that any one can witness the hilarity and downright fun the following games afford without longing to participate in them.

The first strictly Christmas game ever invented is appropriately enough styled "Going to Jerusalem." The players sit at first in two rows of chairs placed closely back to back in the middle of a room. A march is played on the pianoforte, or some one not in the game may sing or whistle. As soon as the music begins all rise and march in line around the chairs. While they are marching some one who is not playing takes away one chair from the end of the line. The music stops suddenly and all who can do so sit down. Of course one player is left standing as one chair has been taken away, and that player is out of the game. The music begins again and the game goes on, a new chair being taken away each time until only one player is left. He has then "got to Jerusalem." The rules of the game are: (1) That no one must touch a chair while marching on penalty of being put out of the game; (2) that if two players sit on the same chair at once the umpire shall decide which has the right to it, and, in case of doubt, may order the players to march again; and (3) the person who removes the chair shall act as umpire.

The Knight of the Whistle is the name under which a far more amusing game is known. The game is really a trick. The victim of it is told that the "game consists in passing a whistle around a circle of players, who are seated, while one, standing in the middle, is required to find it by its sound as it is blown from time to time. Whoever "counts out" for the game must arrange that the player in the middle is some one who does not know the trick, which is played thus: The whistle is fastened to one end of a string about 1½ feet long, at the other end of which is a bent pin. The pin is hooked into the clothes of the player in the middle of the ring, so that the whistle always hangs behind him. It is blown by some one and the seeker turns quickly to find it, thus carrying it in front of some else, who blows it again. The victim of the trick is thus kept turning from side to side till he discovers the deception. The pin can be hooked into his clothes without his noticing it by making him kneel down and close his eyes and then, after going through a mock ceremony, declaring him a "knight of the whistle" and striking him on the back; while this is going on the whistle can be attached to him unobserved. The players should pretend to pass the whistle from one to another to heighten the illusion.

Bookbinder is another holiday time diversion that looks simple and tame, but can be made highly exciting. Any number of persons sit in a circle, each holding a book on the back of his clinched fists. One who has been chosen bookbinder, and stands in the middle of the circle, goes to any player and seizing that player's book attempts to rap his knuckles, which the holder of the book tries to avoid by pulling back his hands quickly. If the bookbinder succeeds in this, the player whose knuckles he raps changes places with him; otherwise, he replaces the book and tries to do the same with some one else. The bookbinder may pretend to seize a book without actually doing so, and if the holder pulls away his hands so that the book falls he must take the leader's place as if his knuckles had been rapped. The leader can make this game very exciting if he run quickly from one to another pretending to take up one book and then seizing another, thus keeping the players constantly on the lookout.

Sneezing is an amusement rather than a Christmas game. It is played by having a chosen leader to give to each player a syllable ending in "sh" or some similar one sounding like part of a sneeze, as "ash," "esh," "ish," "osh," "oush," "aish" or "ashoo." At a given signal from the leader, all the company pronounce their syllables together. The effect is laughable, sounding exactly like a sneeze, if properly played.

Resembling the whistling game in that it has a victim, but differing totally from it in every other way, is a play called mesmerism. The one to be mesmerized, called the subject, who must be unacquainted with the trick, is told to sit oposite the operator while the other players merely look on. The operator calls for two soup plates. By previous arrangement with the others, the bottom of one plate has been blackened by holding it over a candle and this one has been given to the subject. The latter is directed to fix his eyes steadily on the operator's face and to imitate every motion as exactly as possible. The operator then dips his fingers in the water in his plate, rubs it on the bottom and then draws a line on his face. The subject does the same, except that as the bottom of his plate is blackened he thus makes a black mark on his face. As his eyes are fixed on the operator's face he does not perceive that his finger tip is black. When the operator has thus caused him to decorate his face as much as he chooses, he tells the subject that his will must be very strong, as he finds it impossible to place him under the mesmeric influence. The subject may then be shown his face in a mirror.

Mind-reading is both a game and an experiment and played by any number of persons, one of whom leaves the room, while the others agree on some simple thing for him to do. The player without is then called in and one of the company takes him by the hand, at the same time thinking intently of the thing agreed upon. He must not move unless the first player moves. The player who went out must keep his mind quiet, trying to think of nothing in particular, moving in any direction he feels impelled to move and doing whatever he feels impelled to do. The player will very often do the very thing he was required by the company to do.

HYGIENE.

For Health and Comfort.

THERE was recently a prominent physician who attributed the failing health of one of his patients to her habit of wearing black clothes, and ordered her somber attire to be replaced by something of more cheerful hue, writes Francis Orr. His idea was taken up and discussed by a medical society, which handed down the opinion that the constant wearing of black was detrimental to health. The drift of the argument was that so much poison had to be used to secure a fast black, and this poison was absorbed through the skin into the system. There was mention also of the depressing effect of black upon the human spirits. These evil effects could hardly be ascribed to the occasional wearing of black as a best dress, but rather to those who dress in so-called mourning, wear it at all times when in the house, and appear upon the street with head swathed in a thick black veil.

Nowhere do the arteries lie so close to the surface of the skin as at the wrists, neck and temples, the very places where the black clothing is made to come in contact with the skin. If you wear a veil, keep it well drawn back from the temples, and if your sense of propriety will not allow you to wear something white at wrists and neck, at least face your sleeves and collar with something containing little color. Gloves are only worn occasionally, and even then kid gloves are not black on the inside.

If they would only realize it, one-half the women in the country are suffering with sore feet, from wearing black stockings. If the feet are at all tender, or inclined to burn or swell, nothing will irritate them as black stockings. It is hard to make women give these up, but having once experienced the comfort of a light stocking, they will never return to the black ones, or even compromise on those with white feet. At least wear light stockings when you are about your housework and required to be on your feet, and if your feet feel sore do not soak them ; it but makes them more tender. Rather wipe them with a damp cloth, rub on a little alcohol, and put on fresh stockings—not black ones. Keep changing your stockings. That sounds extravagant, but even if you have to resort to some that are in need of darning, a change is a change.

Sometimes the shoes burn the feet. Some shoe dealers say it is because the leather is made from the skin taken from an animal which had died, others that the shoes are too fresh from the factory. At any rate, an expensive shoe is just as likely to burn as a cheap one, and the only thing to do is to lay the shoes away till the burn gets out of them, as I have known it to do.

The feet are never more likely to swell than when taking a journey by rail. Columns have been written on the why and wherefore, but no remedy prescribed. At such times wear stockings which have been many times washed, and shoes which are comfortably loose. Do not serve yourself as I once did. Taking a ten hours' journey, I slipped off my shoes under my dress-skirt and so rode in comfort. Arriving at my destination, I could not get so much as my toes into the shoes, and was obliged to present myself at my friend's door in my stocking feet.

An Hour in a Gymnasium.

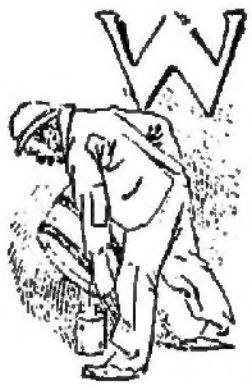
ALL in!" the teacher's voice rings out, commandingly, and the girls take their places, one behind the other.

"Mark time, forward-march!" and as the pianist plays a lively tune the girls walk around the room and come down the middle of it, three abreast. The teacher throws a bright-colored ball to each, and then begins a series of pretty exercises, done in time to music. The ball is thrown on the floor and caught on the rebound, tossed in the air, and caught in many different ways. Sometimes a ball gets away from its possessor, and then there is a lively chase. At last the teacher, a bright-faced young woman, cries "Halt!" The balls are placed on the floor, and a new exercise begins. The girls point the right foot and bend, the second time they kneel, and, still keeping their bodies erect, bend to the right, the right hand touching the floor, the left hand over the head, and the left foot extended, then they come back to the kneeling position, and rise to their feet. This is repeated on the left side, and as the girls come back to a standing position, two more exercises are given. "Backward, march!" says the teacher, as these are finished, and the girls walk backward to the end of the room, and come forward with a sort of balance step.

Then follows a little harder work, which only a few try. The girls swing from a rope on to a bar, let go, hang head downward, come back to position, catch the rope again, and swing off. Then comes club swinging, fancy steps, a little ladder-work and horse-block vaulting, a few breathing exercises with some graceful arm movements, and the hour is over.

How short it has been! We look wistfully after the teacher as she leaves the room, wishing she could give us a few minutes longer ; but she is a busy woman and cannot, and then we go to our dressing-rooms and get ready to go home, feeling much more like our natural selves than when we came, and wishing that all our friends would try a course of calisthenics and see how very fascinating it is.

The Uses of Honey.



WRITING in the Horticultural Times a gentleman expresses surprise that honey is so seldom seen on the tables of the people of this country. "Honey," he says, "is at once a valuable medicine and food. Foul air, improper ventilation, sudden changes of weathr, the exposure of lungs and throat to a damp atmosphere, are the sources of no end of throat and bronchial troubles. A free, regular, and constant use of honey is probably the best medicine for throat troubles there is. It is a most wholesome and economical substitute for butter, being as a rule half the price of that article. Honey is of more service in our cooking than many people imagine. Honey may, indeed, replace sugar as an ingredient in the cooking of almost any article of food. In rice-puddings the writer invariably uses honey instead of sugar ; the flavor is much more delicious. For preserving most kinds of fruit honey is far preferable to sugar, as it has the quality of preserving for a long time in a fresh state anything that may be laid in it or mixed with it, and preventing its corruption in a far superior manner to sugar. For many medicinal purposes honey is invaluable. To town residents who may be jaded and look care-worn after the excitement of late hours, when the skin becomes dry, red, and harsh-looking, try the effects of rubbing gently a thin coating of honey on the face before going to bed. It is one of the finest cosmetics in the world.

The Care of the Skin.

EVER so many little skin troubles are both persistent and troublesome, and vex one's very soul by appearing on the face. A greasy skin may arise from various causes, but generally from lack of cleanliness or debility of the skin. Only an astringent has any effect upon it and a very simple, entirely harmless one may be made from one pint of rosewater, half a pint of vinegar, and a few drops of essence of rose. This lotion may be applied with a piece of soft linen or a very fine sponge.

Blackheads are very difficult to get rid of, and are caused by the clogging of the pores of the skin by dust or foreign matter. Alcohol, ninety per cent. applied by the means of a piece of chamois skin will give tone to the skin and remove unsuspected dirt and dust, at the same time stimulating the small glands and removing, by constant use the blackheads.

Tan and freckles may be removed by the use of the following lotion : Two drachms of powdered sal ammoniac, four fluid drachms of eau de cologne, one quart of distilled water. Lemon juice and borax are both very efficacious, and are home remedies.

Many skins will not stand constant washing, but need to be cleaned after a dusty ride or walk by other means than soap and water. Lait Virginal is a delicious preparation, and can be made as follows : One pint of rose, orange-flower or elder-flower water, half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, and ten drops of tincture of myrrh.

After being exposed to harsh or chilling winds, it is a good plan upon retiring to rub a quantity of fresh cream on the face, removing after five or ten minutes, to be applied again, followed by a generous puffing of rice powder.

Milk as a Food for Children.

THE editorial review of a discussion on the therapeutic value of iron, as given at the German Congress of Internal Medicine, held in April, presents some facts of considerable practical interest. The principal paper on this subject was by Prof. E. Bunge, the physiological chemist of Basle, Switzerland, who showed that milk was especially deficient in iron ; while wheat contained nearly three times the quantity. He declared that the inorganic compounds of iron were not assimilated by the system. Prof. Huebner said that he noticed, as a result of long years of clinical experience, that anæmic children did not prosper on a prolonged milk diet. These anæmic children seem to need more iron than is found in milk. Prof. Bunge's observations seem to show that our prescriptions of the various preparations of iron are practically worthless. He says that we should rather prescribe those foods which are generally supplied with this product. An exclusive diet of milk for children, especially anæmic children, cannot be regarded as the best practice in the light of these investigations. Some food, as that devised by Prof. Just composed of wheat, and other cereals, richly supplied with iron, may be added to the cow's milk, thus supplying this deficiency. Thus prepared, there is no reason why milk cannot be regarded as a perfect food.

MR. FINN'S CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

BEING the custom for many years of the managers of the cement quarries on Cooney Island, where Michael Finn was employed, to give the men each a turkey on Christmas Day, and owing to a depression in business the turkeys not being distributed on the day before Christmas, 1893, there were two practical jokers in the quarries who determined that Mr. Finn should have a turkey. So they procured the legs of an old gobbler, and with the help of a piece of sacking stuffed with straw and rags and properly weighted, they managed to make a very fine imitation of a turkey weighing 18 pounds.

To the imitation turkey was attached a card bearing the legend, written in a neat hand:

> The Hon. James Lindsley desires to express his appreciation of Michael Finn's services during the year by a small token. Merry Christmas!

The turkey was placed in a conspicuous place in the quarry, and when Mike's gaze fell upon it he smiled broadly. The workmen gathered around as he carefully weighed the alleged turkey in his horny hand, and to the hearty congratulations replied:

"Well, lads, I m sorry for ye, but it's aisy seein' that Mr. Lindsley knows well who airns his money!"

Throwing the turkey over his shoulder, he trudged homeward up the road, whistling "The Washerwoman's Lament," while the stars winked mischievously at him and the moon withdrew behind a cloud to hide her smiles. When he arrived at his shanty his wife relieved him of his burden with cries of delight, and when little Mike, his son, who had "eddication," read the card, Mrs. Finn threw her arms around her husband's neck and kissed him, so keen was her appreciation of his worth as indicated by the card.

"It is only natural that you should have a turkey, Mike," said she admiringly; "shure there's never another like you in the quarry."

Mike like most other men, accepted this encomium as his due, yet still he felt called upon to rebuke his partner of his joys by saying:

"Now, thin, Biddy, I'm twenty-wan; don't be givin' me any of yer blather, but go and get the turkey ready for the pot."

"Faix I'll not thin," replied Biddy.

"And why won't ye?" asked Mike in a surprised tone.

"Bekase I have the blue hin and a goose already kilt for the dinner to-morrow."

"Begorra, but that's too bad," replied Mike, "but I suppose the turkey'll keep till New Year's, won't it?"

"Faith, it will not, thin, Mike," said Mrs. Finn, 'It's too fat and lpump to keep that long."

Her reply made Mike thoughtful for a few moments. He blew rings of smoke toward the ceiling, and at last, taking his pipe from his mouth, exclaimed:

"Biddy, how many childre' has Mr. Murphy?"

"Three, Mike," was the reply.

"And her husband's dead three months, eh?"

"Yis, three months lasht Tuesday they buried him, God pity him!"

"Biddy!"

"Yis, Mike."

"We'll give the turkey to Mrs. Murphy."

"Oh, Mike, ye darlin' man, may the saints sthand bechune you and harrum! av coorse we will, acushla. The dear woman! won't she be crazy wid deloight!"

After supper the whole family started out to present the turkey to Mrs. Murphy. Little Mike went ahead with the turkey over his shoulder, his father and mother walking arm in arm behind. The man in the moon had smiled when Mike went home with his turkey but as he looked down upon the trio carrying the bird, already stuffed to the starving widow, he burst into a "ha! ha.!" which echoed through the aisles of space like the booming of artillery. When the turkey was laid upon the table, Mrs. Murphy burst into tears of gratitude, and the fatherless children gathered wonderingly around and critically examined the remarkable Christmas present. Mike sent his son down to the grocery for a pint of the stuff which both cheers and inebriates, and Mrs. Murphy made some smoking hot punch, which the elders drank to the health of everybody and to themselves in particular. Mrs. Murphy called down the blessings of all the saints in the calendar upon the heads of her kindly neighbors. Then she tucked up her skirts and danced a reel upon the hearthstone just as she had done in Balyscuttry hun-

BILLY'S CHRISTMAS.

What'd I do last Christmas! say
I'd de biggest kind of a jolly day:
I built a big snowman, an' den,
I guyed sister Sue an' her fellow, Ben.
I busted de water pipes at de sill,
An' saw pop make faces at de bill,
An' when my ma got no present, she
Got mad an' put de blame on me;
An' den I put a 'splosion in de grate and blew
Old Santa Claus clear up de chimney flue.
Say! it was de dandiest day, you bet,
That any bloomin' boy had ever yet.

dreds of times in her youth. All the cares of life dropped from the little group under the genial influence of the "crator" and the Christmas time. Laughter and song kept the little Murphys awake until long after midnight, while the stuffed turkey hung up by the legs from the eaves to keep it fresh and cool for the pot on the following day.

Christmas Day broke clear and bright over Cooney Island. The sun shone through the windows on hundreds of happy children inspecting the contents of their stockings and upon Mrs. Murphy as she laid the turkey upon the dissecting table and began the operation necessary to prepare the fowl for dinner. She had made a small incision in the southwest end of the sacking covering the fictitious bird, when a piece of rag fell upon the table, followed quickly by nearly a quart of small stones containing a large percentage of cement. These stones were really valuable in a lime kiln, but of no particular value inside a turkey. At least this was the view Mrs. Murphy took of their presence. An angry scowl overspread her face as she exclaimed:

"By the hair on Mall Kelly's cat, I never thought much of them Finn's anyway. They are a dirty lot to play so mane a trick on a widdy wid three starvin' childre. But I'll give Mike Finn back his turkey, so I will, wid me two hands, and may the curse of Kisogue rest upon him and Biddy and the lad, bad luck to them!"

Mrs Murphy was a large and muscular woman. There was a stern look on her face and a fierce setting of the jaws together as she started up the road, carrying the turkey by the legs and leaving a trail of fine cement stone behind her. Mr. Finn was awakened from his morning nap by a tremendous knock at the door. Turning over, half awake he said:

"Mickey, go and open the door, that's a good lad."

Little Mike, partially dressed, went to the door, and standing on the stoop was Mrs. Murphy. She stepped aside and swinging the turkey around her head, she brought the bird into violent contact with the boy's head, knocking him over the stove, remarking the while:

"Hide yer head, ye spalpeen, Mike Finn! Get under the quilt, ye omadhoun! Chate the widdy and her childre, will ye! Make me a Crissmas present of rags and stones, will ye! Oh, ye scut ye, Biddy! My heavy hand on both of ye, that ye may ate burnt feathers and drink vinegar when the thirst is on ye! Show yer dirty face. Mike, and I'll ram the legs down yer red neck!"

Thus Santa Claus came to Cooney Island.

Princesses of Wales Ride Tricycles.

The young Princesses of Wales ride the tricycle and not the bicycle, as has been so often reported, somewhat to the annoyance of their father and mother, who are not admirers of the bicycle. Apropos, I may remark that the Princess of Wales, although the most sweet-tempered of women, has frequently expressed her vexation at the absolutely incorrect accounts which have appeared from time to time in the newspapers about her own and her children's doings, or with regard to their health and spirits. Sometimes the most alarmist reports are circulated, which are devoid of all truth. The Princess suffers very slightly from rheumatism, and from her throat at times, and Princess Maud has inherited the throat delicacy. The Prince of Wales has wonderful health and energy, considering his very arduous duties. Dyspepsia, it is true, sometimes attacks him, but always yields to the regimen once advised by Sir Andrew Clark—a piece of dry bread and a chop both at luncheon and dinner, and nothing more. Save for these light ailments, the dwellers at Marlborough House enjoy capital health.

LADY ABERDEEN.

SAYS a writer in Madame, the new London periodical for woman, under the head of "Leader of Society":

The Countess of Aberdeen is a leader of society with whom the Liberal party, above all, could ill dispense. For years, whenever the leader of the party has wished to increase good feeling among his followers, he has begged her to hold a political reception in her beautiful house in Grosvenor square for those of his ways of thinking, a duty which the Countess has been able to perform with peculiar efficiency.

For Lady Aberdeen the words social life and political life appear to describe the same thing. Nay, according to her, the life of the home, that of one's own fireside, cannot be declared complete without active co-operation in matters political. "It is the plain duty of every woman to interest herself in politics as far as she is able," pronounced the Countess on one occasion; and again she said, "I and the women of my party are politicians because it has been shown us that we cannot do our duty, either to our homes or to our country, without being so."

It is not, however, in London alone that Lady Aberdeen has been called on to play the part of leader of society. As Vicereine of Ireland and as Vicereine of Canada she has acted as representative of her sovereign, and in both places she has given a characteristic distinction to the office.

The departure from Dublin Castle of Lord and Lady Aberdeen was a most impressive sight. The warm-hearted and impulsive Irish came out in their thousands to watch their friends go, and the function has been compared to the historic exodus of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795.

LADY ABERDEEN IN CHICAGO.

Curiously enough, Lord and Lady Aberdeen were already in Canada when the message came inviting the Earl to assume the Viceroyalty of the dominion. They had crossed the Atlantic with a twofold object—one of minor importance being to inspect their fruit farms in the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia; the other to visit the village at the Chicago Exhibition. The construction of this village was entirely due to Lady Aberdeen, and she played her part of leader in society here in a most original manner. A room was arranged in the building where she held daily receptions and to which she drove each morning in an Irish car, imported for the purpose. Her guests often found her seated at a quaint old Irish spinning-wheel, for she is an adept at the art of spinning. An old Irish grandfather's clock told the time in the corner, and all around were articles which had been brought over from Green Isle.

Space to give a description of Haddo House is denied me, but I must relate a characteristic story of its chatelaine. One winter's day, when the house party was on the ice, a little boy from an outlying farm made his way to the water's edge and stood to watch Lady Majorie Gordon, and her brother disporting themselves. Presently, fired with emulation, he tried his own fortunes on a long, straight slide which the children had made. His ill-fed fame was, however, stiff and blue with cold and he straightway came a cropper, badly bruising his hands and knees. On this, being little more than 6 years old, he began to weep loudly and bitterly. Lady Aberdeen at once skated forward to console him. Finding this a difficult task she called up Lady Majorie, took a black lamb's wool boa from her little girl's warm shoulders, and twisting it two or three times around the neck of the little pleb., she bade her take his hand and run about the ice with him till he was comforted

Lady Marjorie, now a bonnie little girl of 14 has inherited both her mother's philanthropic and literary tastes. She inquires minutely into all Lady Aberdeen's schemes and undertakings and has herself for a considerable time been editress of a weekly magazine for children, which she calls "Wee Willie Winkie." Lady Aberdeen has one older son, Lord Haddo, and two little boys of 9 and 10, the one being named Gladstone, after his sponsor.

LADY ABERDEEN AT HOME.

The simple little residence of Dollis House is almost as closely associated with Lord and Lady Aberdeen as Haddo House, in which all the interests of the Hamilton Gordons are centered. There is no place to which Mr. Gladstone has so gladly turned for many years as to Dollis, whenever official duties allowed him to quit the metropolis without being actually out of sight of it. Dollis is within ten miles of Hyde Park Corner, and times without number the ex-Premier and his hosts would drive out here on the Saturday morning, followed by political allies, with whom close and lengthy conferences on the situation was required. Grave as might be the secrets confided on occasion to the walls of Dollis, life here was made as simple as possible. Mr. Gladstone spent much of his time in strolling about the pretty grounds, with their rustic bowers and summer-houses, overshadowed by fine elms and splendid specimens of Wellingtonias. The veranda and portico, too, saw him quite as frequently as the demure little studio, with its walls of deep orange, on which hang some good mezzos and old prints where he preferred to spend his working hours.

Lord Aberdeen inherited the Earldom under romantic circumstances. His brother George, the sixth Earl, who was of an eccentric disposition, succeeded his father soon after he came of age, but neither his new dignities nor his ancestral home had any charms for him. He went to America where he served on board a merchant vessel as a common sailor. For some years he wrote home regularly; but a long silence eventually led to inquiries, and it is believed he was washed overboard in a storm off the coast of America in 1870.

No reference need here be made to Lady Aberdeen's unique methods of managing her household. She has described them in her published articles on servants' clubs and others under such titles as "How I Keep my Servants." She has many retainers at Haddo House, and her aim is to encourage all to take up some pursuit apart from their daily work. With this object she has founded the "Haddo House Association," for the benefit of servants and others of their class, and in connection with it, she edits a magazine, to which she has given the name of "Upward and Onward."

Having alluded to Lady Aberdeen's literary inclinations, I may mention that she has written on a great variety of subjects. Politics, education, philanthropy, temperance, and imperial federation are all matters appearing to be of equal interest to her. Some of her writings are illustrated from photographs taken by herself; and one very interesting series has been promised under the title, 'Through Canada with a Kodak.'

Use the Brush.

After all, there is nothing better for the growth of the hair than a thorough brushing. Of course it should be washed often enough to keep the scalp perfectly clean without hurting the natural oil. How often this is must be studied by each woman for herself. But, aside from this, she will find that giving each side of her head a brisk brushing of even only fifty strokes each night and morning will soon produce a new growth of short, strong fuzz springing up all over her head—that is, unless there is some diseased condition existing.

SAVED THE MUSICIAN.

ANY, many years ago, it happened on Christmas eve.

The cold had been intense all day, but now, toward night, a thick, white fog rose out of the muddy, swollen waters of the Seine and obscured the buildings of the neighboring streets.

The clock on the tower of the Church of Notre Dame struck 8. On the left bank of Seine every street was deserted except, perhaps, the principal arteries of trade, and there were scarcely a half dozen people in the long, narrow Rue Mazarin back of the Institute de France. These few even did not notice a tall, old man, who dragged himself painfully along, and who stopped from time to time to shudder with the cold, stopped because he seemed not to have strength enough left to shudder and to move along at the same time.

He leaned heavily on a thick cane and his left arm pressed a long object wrapped in a shawl tightly to his body.

He was clothed in thin, shabby garments—summer trousers, an old coat that was buttoned up to the neck, perhaps to hide the absence of a shirt. This was all he had to shelte him from the icy dampness that moistened his long white beard and hair.

The latter was partly covered with a soft felt hat, well drawn over his eyes. This he seemed to have done not to be recognized, although it would have been much better for him if he had made himself known.

As the old man approached the bank of the Seine he stopped a moment as though in doubt whether to proceed or not. Perhaps the river was a temptation for him to make an end of all his misery. He resisted that temptation, however, and crossed the Pont des Arts, the Place du Carrousel and the labyrinth of evil-smelling little streets that divided the Tuilleries from the Palais Royal at that time, and came at last to the center of elegant Paris, for fifty years ago the streets that contained the residences of the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin were consi dered elegant.

Dazzled by the many lights an half stunned by the noise of the holiday crowd, he walked around the garden repeatedly with a timid air, as though undecided.

At last he took up his position on a crowded corner, leaned against the wall and proceeded to unwrap the object he had carried under his arm so long. This proved to be a violin and bow.

After examining the strings of the instrument very carefully he folded up the shawl and threw it over his left shoulder and started to tune the violin. The first sounds of the melancholy and sentimental air drew the attention of a couple of street gamins, who pitilessly sneered and laughed at him. The poor old man stopped saying, sank down upon a doorstep and, laying the violin on his knee, mumured sadly: "O, God I have forgotten my art."

Thus he sat for some time when from the other end of the passage three jolly young men came singing toward him. They were singing a couplet very popular at that time with the students of the Conservatoire of Paris.

Not seeing the old man, one stumbled over his outstretched leg, the other knocking his hat off and the third stopped frightened as the old man rose indignantly.

"We are very sorry, sir; we did not see you. I hope you are not injured?" said one of the young men.

"No, you did not hurt me," replied the old musician, as he stooped to pick up his hat, but the other was quicker than he and handed it to him, and at the same time he saw the instrument in his hand.

"You are a musician?" he asked the old man politely.

"I was one once upon a time," the other answered sadly while two large tears rolled slowly down his poor thin face.

The young men noticed this and drew nearer to him. "What ails you?" they asked, "are you ill, and can we do anything for you?"

For a moment the old man was silent; then he heid his hat toward the young men with a look that could melt the hardest heart.

"Oh, please give me a trifle," he whispered. "I can no more earn my living with my instrument; my fingers have become stiff—and my daughter is dying for the want of nourishment."

The three young men were silent for some time. Their faces expressed confusion and for the first time in their lives they felt shame, even anger, at their poverty. They searched their pockets, but the result was miserable. Their combined capital was 16 sous; the third one had only a piece of resin, an article every violinist carries constantly with him.

"Sixteen sous is not enough, my friends, to help our colleague. We must go to work energetically. You, Adolve, take the violin to accompany Gustave, and I will make the rounds with the hat."

The preparations occupied only a few minutes. They turned up their coat collars and drew their hats almost over their eyes to disguise themselves as much as possible. The young man who had originated this good work then gave the signal to begin.

"It is Christmas eve. Adolve, do your best, for the Almighty may be one of your audience."

And Adolve did his best. After the first sound of the "Carnival of Venice" all the windows opened and were filled with delighted listeners. All the promenaders in the garden of the Palais Royal stood still and many came toward the music and swelled the crowd that had already gathered there.

Enthusiastic applause greeted the last sounds of the music, and when the hat of the old man was passed it was soon filled with copper and silver coin.

The three young men did not allow the enthusiasm to abate, for soon the violin was heard again, but this time as an accompaniment to Gustave's grand, melodious voice, who sang the beautiful cavatina from the "White Lady" so charmingly that the audience was spellbound.

In the meantime the crowd had increased, and when the young singer ceased the money was fairly showered upon them, so that the manager of the concert had difficulty to gather it up. But he was determined to increase the sum, so he was tireless in his efforts.

"One more piece," he whispered, "and we will have enough. You, Adolf, chime in with your bass voice, at the same time play the violin. I will sing barytone, and you, Gustave, my brave tenor, you must give us one more of your sweet tunes. Let us sing the trio from 'William Tell.' This will be the finale, and do not forget that we are not only singing for charity, but that we must be an honor to the Conservatoire."

This admonition was unnecessary. The artistic spirit had already taken possession of the young men, and in spite of the strange, and some would say humiliating, circumstances in which this concert was given, they sang and played better than in after years before the most critical audiences of Europe.

They electrified even the old man, who at first had remained quietly on the doorstep, but now took up his stick and started to direct the trio in a way that showed him to be a musician of experience and talent.

He stood there drawn up to his full height and his eyes, that had been so dull a half hour ago, glistened with excitement. The old man was like one glorified and the young men felt that they obeyed the hand of a master.

The performance came to an end, the crowd dispersed slowly; some collected in groups to discuss the episode. "They are not street musicians," said somebody in the crowd. Certainly not, there is probably a wager behind it, or they are students and wished to get the means for their Christmas dinner."

"Well, they have succeeded," said one man. "I saw how a number of gentlemen threw gold pieces into the hat."

And this was true, the hat contained a large sum of money. The art loving and wealthy people of the audience did not care for the motive of this "al fresco" performance, but wished to show their appreciation in a substantial manner.

When the young men spread out the shawl in which the violin had been wrapped and emptied the money into it, the old man stood there speechless with surprise and joy.

"Your names; oh tell me your names so that I can bless you to my dying day, and so my daughter can pray for you every day."

"I am Faith," said the first youth."

"I am Hope," said the second.

"And I am Charity," answered the third, who had arranged the financial part of the concert.

"You do not even know my name," sighed the old man. "I might have been a thief, for all you knew of the contrary. My name is Chepner. I am an Alsatian, and was director of the Strassbourg opera for ten years. I had the honor to conductthe first performance of "William Tell." But since I left my home misfortune has followed me. You have saved mine and my daughter's life, for, thanks to you, we will be able to return home. My daughter will get back her health in her native climate, and I will find a place among my compatriots to teach that which I can no longer accomplish myself. But you, you will be great some day."

"Amen," answered the young men as they led the old musician lovingly to the street, and there they bade him an affectionate farewell.

Notwithstanding their efforts to disguise themselves they had been recognized by one of the audience, who told of the episode.

The name of the young violinist was Adolf Hermann, that of the tenor was Gustave Roger and the arrangeur of the charity concert was Charles Gounod.

The prophecy of the old musician came true.

MARRIED BLESSEDNESS.

NO doubt the truest blessedness is found in married life. This is rather a trite subject; but where will you find one of greater importance. It is one of the affectations of young people who have lost the first bloom of life, tasted the pleasure of freedom and not felt the premonitions of a stale and lonely existence, that they pretend to regard the married state with superiority, pity, or toleration, according to their whim. The young man who is ranging free through the world, and regards himself as a man of exceptional insight and experience, has a scarcely veiled contempt for the married man, who has "settled down" snugly and begun to cultivate ease and girth. The young woman, enjoying her early relish of gaiety, thinks of her matronly elder sister as "tied" and stripped of all pleasures.

But the more knowing usually pass through a period of social gipsying, during which they are shy or hostile toward settled married life, a state of mind very curiously illustrated in some of the earlier essays of Louis Stevenson, who later became one of the staidest of married men, and falsified his own griefs and fears. The railer of love's smoothness will always have the noisiest share of the argument, for happiness does not

vaunt itself, the greater, therefore, is the reason why somebody should extol it and assert the truth, which is that where a man and woman are happily mated, the rich contentment of their years together is infinitely more engrossing, though young people will not believe it, than the romantic months of courtship. We shut out from our view the doubtfully happy, who have been more or less unsuitably mated. Enough has been said of them; they too often get into the foreground of the picture.

Passion, disappointment, crosses and mystery may be more dramatic than quiet love, contentment, and "four feet on the fender," as Oliver Wendell Holmes beautifully expressed the delight of homely cosiness, but they do not make half so much of the staple of life. The only permanent realization of happiness—so far as anything human can be permanent—comes with the love that is also friendship. But in a marriage that is well made, there is for the first time perfect confidence, for you know that while she or he lives, you will never lack one to stand by your side to share whatever fortune may bring you. We want and need the amiabilities of life, the welcoming eye, the reassuring hand, the uplifting presence, and nowhere can they be so certainly found as in a true marriage. One of the forms which married blessedness takes is that it provides the most delightful of all companionships; that is a phrase of married life that men and women value more the older they grow. The best enjoyments are confirmed and doubled when they are shared, and with whom can they be so fruitfully shared as with a wife or husband? So much is gained by viewing the world side by side with a congenial companion with whom impressions may be compared as they appear, and then stored as in a common memory. And who can so faithfully fulfil these conditions of mutual helpfulness as the husband and wife whose natures are complimentary to one another? Other companionship can only be occasional, but the true assorted companionship of man and wife has almost as great a continuity as the self-consciousness of each

Furthermore, through a sensible marriage we can all hope, better than in any other way, to be thoroughly understood; the good, true, noble wife will know her husband as he wishes to be known, with excuses for his weaknesses and the mediation of love thrown upon his virtues. The primary condition of understanding any human being is to approach in sympathy and unselfishness, and that condition is only perfectly secured through love. This perfect understanding of each other through marriage should give to each a kind of supplementary self-warding-off of the weaknesses that most easily assail us. The husband and wife are, or should be, like buckler-bearing attendants in the battle of life, each guarding the other against blows that one alone might not have detected. There is no better sharpener of the wits than love and self-sacrifice, and how delicate are the allowances made by the tender hearts of those whose lives are truly one.

Fatherhood has been chosen as the highest type of placability and unfailing care, but we have known instances in marriage of an understanding tenderness that could not be surpassed in any other relation of life.

If marriage had no more to recommend it than that it carries people beyond the consideration of their own personality, its blessedness might be sufficiently proved. What is it that gives the most delicate aroma to that married love but the delight in lavishing on the one who is loved, whatever can bring to him or her joy of life, peace of mind, contentment and the fulfillment of hope? And this exercise of unselfishness has in turn an ameliorative effect on the chracter of the one who practices it.

Marriage of the happily-mated kind has one of its great uses in its effect on general character and one's attitude towards the outside world—it softens manners, mollifies asperities, and develops the generous side of man's nature; his sympathies are widened not only beyond himself, but beyond the bounds of his family interests he begets a closer acquaintance with the troubles and sorrows that soften the heart and bring a warm sense of human kinship. It would be strange, indeed, if the tenderness of married life and the necessity it lays on men and women of consideration for the thoughts and wills of those who are dear, did not modify character for the better whenever the bias is in the right direction.

Probably there is little need for argument in favor of the advantages of a married state, for, except the gloomy-minded, and people who take a few chance experiences as the basis of their judgment, and others who by a warp in their character, are not of the marrying kind, the rest of the world recognize that given a right partner whose tastes accord with one another, and whose love and tenderness will be a safeguard against the doing of what is irksome to them, the married life is infinitely preferable to so-called single blessedness. How can unmarried men or women, however domesticated they may be, hope to realize the warm restfulness and the bright and refreshing changes of the genuine home? But for folly or blindness in choosing a life's companion, there is no reason why everyone should not double all that is good in his nature by marriage. Not that the happiest married life will be altogether free from contention. Why should it be? We contend with our dearest friends and like them the better for a brisk interchange of pleasantly presented differences, but underneath all the play of character which keeps intercourse bright, there will, with true hearts, be unbroken and serene harmony. Where marriage is a failure, either there has been an unwise choice, or an unprincipled man or woman was in the selection.

CHARMS OF MATURED WOMEN.

THERE is nothing more incomprehensible to young women than the love and admiration sometimes given to middle aged women or those past their youth. They cannot understand it; in their eyes a woman is out of the pale of personal attraction and affection altogether when she has once lost that shining gloss of youth, that delicate freshness of skin and supleness of limb, which to them in the plenitude of their yet unfading beauty, constitute the chief claims and admiration of their sex, and yet they cannot conceal from themselves that the belle of eighteen is often deserted for a woman of forty, and that the patent witchery of their own youth and beauty goes for nothing against the charms of a mature woman.

The eligible suitor who has coveted more than one golden-haired girl has married a woman twenty years her senior, and the matured woman has actually carried off the prize which nymphs in their teens have earnestly desired to win. What can they say to such anomaly? There is no good going about disdainfully and suggestingly asking their male friends what could he see in a woman of her age, old enough to be their mother? Had they any analytical power they would understand the diablerie of the matured woman clearly, for it is not so difficult to understand when one carefully studies it.

In the first place a woman of ripe age has a knowledge of the world, and a certain suavity of manner and a charming moral flexibility altogether wanting in the young women, the latter are more inclined to be stiff, angular or lax in their bearing, and their judgment and criticisms are prejudiced, narrow or indifferent, while their sympathies are immovable or gushing.

They are either full of self-assertion and talkative without being able to entertain, or positive with sufficient foundation to maintain their position, or they stammer out yes, or no, at random and their minds become hopelessly confused at the first sentence a stranger utters. They are generally without pity and their want of experience makes them careless or thoughtless of the sorrows which they scarcely understand and are therefore ignorant of the pain their indifference often inflicts. This usually makes them unintentionally cruel; if more passive than active, they are simply oblivious to the sufferings of others; or if a more active temperament, they find a positive pleasure in giving pain. A girl can say the most cruel things to her dearest friend, and then laugh at her because she cries. As for any unfortunate aspirant not approved of, were he as tough-skinned as a rhinoceros, she would find means to make him wince, all of which is toned down in the mature woman.

Experience has enlarged her knowledge and made tender her sympathies, familiarity with life's reverses has softened her heart to the sufferings of others. Her lessons and her observations of life have taught her tact, and tact is one of the most valuable lessons that girls and women can learn. She sees at a glance the weak and tender points in her companion and she adroitly avoids them, or if she passes them over it is with a touch so soft and gentle, so inexpressibly soothing that she calms instead of irritates.

Life is so strong and buoyant in a young woman that she would have come down on the weak and tender places heavily, and thoughtlessly torn off the bandages, jesting at scars because she herself had never felt the wound, while the experiences of the matured woman always makes her thoughtful for others. The latter always knows that social success depends entirely on what each can contribute to the common fund of society or betterment of humanity, that the surest way to be entitled to consideration, ourselves, is to be considerate of others. Sympathy begets sympathy, and self-abasement, in the truly good, leads to exaltation, and if we want to gain affection we must first show how well we can give it.

Her gentle tact, her tender sympathy, her charming flexibility and quick comprehension of character, together with her readiness to sacrifice herself to others, are some of the reasons why the society of a cultivated, agreeable woman of mature age is sought by those men to whom women are more than mere acquaintances or toys.

Men like to converse with intelligent women. They do not like to be taught or corrected by them, but they do like that kindly sympathetic intellect which follows them readily, and that grasps quickly the knowledge which is conveyed, while here and there she adds to the fund of discourse and information from her own valuable store. Though the mature woman rests her claims to admiration on more than mere personal charms, and appeals to something higher and beyond the senses, yet she is personable and well preserved and in a favorable light still looks young.

There are young women who ridicule her charms because she is no longer young; and yet she may be more beautiful than in her youth, because she knows all the little niceties of dress and utilizes the art by which every point is made to tell and is given its fullest value.

Part of the art and mystery of matured women is an accurate perception of times and conditions and a careful avoidance of mistakes, namely, setting herself in confessed rivalry, with the young by trying to look like them, and so losing the good of what she has retained and showing only the ravages of time by the contrast.

The sensible woman knows exactly what she has and what she can do and before all things avoids whatever seems too youthful for her years, and this is the reason why she is always beautiful, because always in harmony.

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TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1895.

HAMLET WITH THE HAMLET LEFT OUT.

A Horse Show, minus the horses. That is practically what New Yorkers have been going wild over. They put clothes before the horse because it's a clothes-horse show. That is about the size of it, a great deal of wrapping for a very little kernel. What a pity the shows could not be held separately having the clothes in one part of the city and the horses in another, and allowing the patronizers to mix them to their liking. This would give the horses a chance and there would not be such a crush as to paralyze plain people who want to see the horses.

According to an exchange, the horses have been complaining that the people were not catalogued properly—they should be numbered and their pedigree given just as the four legged animals had to be. The point is well taken by our four-footed friends, and I quote a few stanzas of their poem to prove it.

"But in the catalogue we find no reference, not a line,
To any but us horses—number seven, six, and nine;
But those creatures in the boxes—all the man and woman show—
Are ignored just as completely 's if they weren't there, you know.

" For instance, in Box 22 last night a lady sat,
With real electric diamonds and a cloud-compelling hat.
Her action was exquisite: she created quite a buzz;
And I confess I'd like to know just who that lady was.

"Again, in number 63 there stood a lanky youth,
With limbs suggesting mighty speed—an antelope, in truth;
And I believe that he could jump, and yet I do not know
If he were Dude or Thoroughbred or just a common Beau.

"And so I say the managers next year ought to provide
A catalogue to demonstrate what's on the other side;
And every single visitor—young, old, or white or black—
Should be mentioned in the catalogue and numbered on the back."

I like the suggestion even though it be a horsey one. Sonext year probably, we will see in New York and also in Toronto (for already the spring meet here is the occasion of the display of elaborate dress, rather than of equine beauty,) a properly prepared catalogue of visitors, that will classify even dudes and things like that.

Speaking of horses reminds me of the timely utterance of Cannon Dumoulin of our city. In a recent sermon, he pleads earnestly against the establishment of a permanent race track where racing for money, or in other words gambling can be carried on, at least two months of the years. The Ministerial Association has decided to use its influence to check the abominable practice, and we, through the medium of THE LADIES' JOURNAL, would give emphasis to the Canon's sayings by abjuring all women to not only abhor the practice of betting at races, a practice that is growing so enormously fashionable at the present day, but to encourage all who call themselves women to shun betting as they would a plague.

SEPARATE BEDS.

As we become better acquainted with the laws of hygiene we are beginning to see that single beds are as real a necessity as separate tooth-brushes and night-dresses for each individual. All healthful conditions necessary for restful, refreshing slumber plead for their use on the ground of precaution against contagious diseases, impure air and disturbed slumber. People with disparity of ages should be specially warned against occupying the same bed. How often have we noticed the little tot who has foolishly been allowed to sleep with her grandfather, rise in the morning with dimmed eye and listless manner. Real love for the child will place it in a separate bed where nothing will detract from its vitality. The plea that these single beds take up too much room can be answered by placing the twin beds side by side, they then take up but little more room than the oldfashioned double bed. Where two beds are used instead of one, it cannot be denied that more washing of bed-clothes and more laundry work are required, but this apparent extravagance is in the end a true and real economy.

CHRISTMAS MISFITS.

A few warnings are necessary even at holiday time. Do not give inappropriate gifts. Better give nothing at all. We heard recently of a woman living in a tiny little doll of a house being presented with a huge ugly rug, by a dear friend. This rug gave her a kind of "an elephant-in-a-china-shop feeling," but being the gift of a dear friend she felt bound to use it. Some one has said that an article is worth giving when it makes the receiver happier for that giving. Judged in this way that rug would be as light as air. Exercise a little forethought and no difficulty will be experienced. Books, china (not too gaudy) growing plants, and even a subscription to your favorite LADIES' JOURNAL, are all appropriate and by no means costly. Be generous but at the same time bewise, so that no one need say as they look at your gift "What shall I ever do with it!"

TIGHT LACING.

It is a matter for rejoicing that fashion has at last decreed that a slender waist is not indispensable to a graceful figure; yet there are still some women to be seen who consider the compression of the vital organs no sin and who bind up their yielding ribs into such small compass that the waist measures only twenty or twenty-two inches. In an article on this subject a leading publication says: "The natural waist of the woman of average height is about twenty-eight inches, and any less size is attained only through arrested development, or compression by means of whalebone and steel. The amount of room inside these twenty-eight inches is absolutely needed for the proper working of the machinery of the internal economy."

Now if this be true and we see no need to question the matter how more than silly to the boastful statement so often made by mothers that when she was nineteen, her waist mensured only nineteen inches, as though the dreadful fact was something to be proud of. It is no use however to talk to young people about the bad effect of compression on stomach, heart, lungs and liver. They care nothing for anoatomy, say they feel just as well as they did before they began the tight lacing, without weighing the thought that it takes time to work ruin. Could they but conduct their own post mortem examination they would see that where tight lacing has been the rule, every organ was out of place and seriously injured. The article before mentioned goes on to say that "the habit of tight-lacing has already done almost irretrievable injury. If it were continued there is no knowing what shape it might eventually have developed. Even now sculptors declare that a model with a natural waist, sloping outward rather than inward, is something not to be found, even the most charming figures otherwise having the hour-glass tendency, in however slight a form sufficient to spoil them for posing for anything demanding the freedom, the beauty and grace of the antique.

"Why any one should ever have imagined that a waist which looks as if it were going to break in two could be more attractive than a waist which looked capable of supporting its head and arms and shoulders is a mystery—so great a mystery that the effort to solve it is to be given up in satisfaction over the report that the foreign creators of the mode have recently asked themselves the question if the shape that the Creator chose for the human body was one they could improve."

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

During the past month the Women's Literary Society of University College, has held two very interesting meetings. That of October 26th was the first literary meeting of the term, but before the programme was presented several matters of business were discussed in the Society. The matter of continuing the membership with the Women's Local Council was brought up. The president gave a summary of the aims and the past work of the Council, and after an animated discussion it was decided to continue our affiliation for at least another year. A proposal was received from the Editorial Board of "Varsity" proposing that one edition of that paper should appear under the auspices of the Women's Literary. The society, owing to several other projects in view for this year, decided not to accept the proposal. A notice to the effect that we make an endeavor to obtain exchanges from other colleges for our Quarterly was also passed, and the society was now ready for the literary programe.

This was opened by a short, but most interesting inaugural address by the President, Miss White. Miss Cowan '94 read the political report, reviewing the Japan-Chinese War, the Armenian trouble, the rebellion in Corea, and the French in Madagascar. This was followed by a piano solo from Miss Menhennick '98, and a cleverly written essay on fads by Miss Patitt '98. This question: Resolved that our adequate idea of an author can be gained only from a study of his works in the language in which he wrote them, was debated. The affirmative was cleverly supported by Misses Combe and Riddell of '96, while the negative was no less skilfully sustained by Misses Scott and Brown of '97. The president gave decision in favor of affirmative. The programme was brought to a close by a clever presentation of the chamber scene from Romeo and Juliet by some girls of '98.

The second meeting was held on Nov. 9th, and not even the inclement weather prevented the members from turning out in large numbers. The principal business before the meeting was the appointment of a committee to enquire into the matter of a gymnasium for women students.

The programme was opened by a piano solo from Miss Rosenstadt '98. Following this was a German dramatic selection, entitled "Die Gowernaute," which was charmingly presented by Misses Glashan, Harvey, and McMichael of '97; a vocal solo by Miss Rosebrugh '99; and literary report by Miss Neelands. The debate was now in order, and the subject was a mirth provoking one—Resolved that organ grinding should be abolished. Misses Hunter and Rumball of '98 argued for the affirmative, while Misses Benson and Morrison of '99 supported the negative. The arguments for both sides were cleverly advanced and decision was given for the affirmative after which the meeting closed with the National Anthem.

MARGARET M. STONE, '98.
Cor., Sec.

The Old Apple-Tree.

I'm fond of the good old apple-tree;
A very good-natured friend is he,
For knock at his door whene'er you may
He's always something to give away.

Christmas Joys.

Draw up the chair about the logs
  That sparkle bright and gay;
That in quaint flowers on the wall
  In madcap frolic play,
Oh, toss all sorrow to the winds,
  For this is Christmas day.

What if the chilly winds without
  About the chimney blow
And high against the frosted panes
  Make minarets of snow
When Christmas cheer this cozy nest
  With comfort sets aglow!

The happy child upon the floor,
  With feelings luscious ripe,
Plays with the red toy animal
  Of curious spot or stripe
While deep within his little heart
  The birds of springtime pipe.

He roams beneath his loaded tree
  Beside the inglenook,
Alive with candies, blocks and drums
  And many a picture book
From dear old Santa Claus, who came
  Last night—but hush—oh, look!

Here comes the plump and luscious goose
  So savory and brown,
A golden promise on a dish,
  Our cares and fears to drown,
And place on our triumphant brows
  A rich though fleeting crown.

Come, let us carve him while he's hot
  And breathing fumes of spice,
And pile the pungent stuffing high
  Upon each juicy slice,
And in dream shallops lightly drift
  Through flowery paradise.

And afterward we'll light our pipes
  While twilight shades appear,
And when we break the wishbone frail,
  Amid the blazing cheer,
Let him who wins wish for us all
  A happy, glad New Year.

A Neighborly Neighbor.

MARY S. STELSON.

THERE are neighbors who bear that name only from the fact that they occupy a house in our vicinity. There are others who deserve all the name implies, who are kind, social, friendly and willing, as the saying goes, "to neighbor." Farmers' wives, those of the westespecially, where farms are large, do not know much about "neighboring." If one is out of yeast cakes or vinegar she might as well go to town for a new supply as to think of borrowing, a horse and wagon would have to be used in either case. On some accounts those who are so isolated may be thankful for their situation, for there is such a thing as being too neighborly. Cousin Sarah once told us a story of a good neighbor of hers, Mrs. Kays by name. Said she: "When I moved over on this side of town and found it was but a step from our back door to that of Mrs. Kays, I was also glad to find her such a nice friendly person. She was over the day we moved, offering to help, and even asked us into dinner. Of course I had made plans for that meal and did not wish to take my whole family into a stranger's house at such a time.

"One day, soon after we were nicely settled, as I was entertaining company, I heard a tap at the dining-room door. There I found Mrs. Kays who mysteriously beckoned me into the kitchen. 'I saw your company drive up,' said she, 'so I brought you over this cake. I thought as like as not you were not prepared for company. No, I will not keep you a moment. If there is anything else you want, just send over,' and she disappeared before I could recover from surprise sufficiently to thank her properly. This was very kind, but of course she expected a like treatment when she had company, and I often thought I would rather provide food for my own guests than for hers.

"One day we had just seated ourselves at the dinner-table. Our dinner consisted of baked sweet potatoes, cold meat and an apple short-cake of which the children were very fond. In came Mrs. Kays 'on a fly' as Tom said. 'Do you believe, Mr. Kays has brought two men home to dinner!" exclaimed she. 'What have you got? There, I'll take that and this,' snatching up the sweet potatoes and appleshort-cake and returning as she came. You can imagine our blank looks as we were left to our cold meat and bread."

Cousin Sarah gave a laughing apology for telling the story, adding "that Mrs. Kays was as good as gold" and "that was only her way." It furnishes us a moral, however, which I think is plain to see. As the Scriptures say, "If ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye?"

Yuletide Decorations.

EVERY eve, from Christmas eve until Twelfth Night, the house should be gay with decorations. There are in these ultra refined days certain persons who object to the hanging of wreaths and stars at the windows, alleging that the decorations should be for those within and not those without. It is the one season of the year when all good folk want even the casual passer-by to catch some hint of the merriment indoors, and the little green wreaths, with their sparkling red berries, are the sign that says to the world, "Here dwells a happy family that wishes you, whoever you may be a merry Christmas." So the first step toward the proper celebration of the festival is to hang up these cheerful little window notices against the cheerful, shining panes of glass.

Then let all the chandeliers be draped with the long evergreen vine which grows in the woods all about, and which country people sell on the outskirts of the markets. Every here and there a few bright berries should gleam. From it the traditional bit of mistletoe should hang.

The picture frames of oak and gilt and white enamel should almost disappear beneath frames of holly or glossy laurel leaves brightened with red berries. The wires should be skillfully wound about with evergreen. The space above the picture molding may be soldily filled with evergreen. Then along the molding itself fasten holly leaves and berries. From this the vine wreathed pictures hang.

It is a rather pretty idea at this season to banish palms and other exotics and to fill the jardiniers and bowls with branches of pine, the brown cones clinging to them. Of course all flower vases and glasses may be filled with as sweet blossoms as the florist is able to supply.

It is a rather good idea to have the Christmas dinner decorations seasonable. Instead of violets or roses and maidenhair fern let the centerpiece be a bowl of glittering holly, and let strings of holiy leaves extend from it to each plate. Let the name cards be painted appropriately with holly or Santa Claus or a bulging stocking and have some suitable inscription upon it. The substitute for the customary bouquet and boutonnier might also be holly.

Confectionery at Home.

WITH the advent of the holiday season comes the desire for something new and choice to contribute to the home happiness. As a popular addition to the feasts which mark the season I would recommend homemade candies, and if any of the older sisters, the young aunties and lively cousins will take up the plan they will speedily become interested and win the gratitude of all the younger ones, to say nothing of the elder members who retain a decided liking for sweets.

To be successful in candy making requires a quick and steady hand, watchful care, and close attention to details. Absolutely clean and fresh materials, and utensils of the best class are requisities. The kettle or stewpan should be granite or porcelain lined, and a little wooden paddle to beat the mixture with is rather better than a spoon.

Confectioner's sugar is used to make the foundation, or fondant as it is called. To one pint sugar add a scant pint of cold water. Put it in the kettle and set it on the back part of the stove until dissolved, and add onefourth teaspoonful of cream tartar. When the sugar is melted set it over the fire and allow it to cook slowly. Shake it now and then to prevent burning, but do not stir it. In fifteen minutes try some in ice-cold water. If it is cooked enough it will form a soft ball, which can be worked easily between the fingers; It should not be sticky. If it is, cook it a little more. Nearly half an hour is required for the cooking. When done, set it in snow or ice-cold water, and while quite warm begin to stir and work with the wooden paddle until it is creamy Much beating is required and it is quite hard work. As soon as it is cool enough take out part and work with the hands. While beating with the paddle add enough vanilla to flavor.

The fondant being ready you can now make any varieties of bon-bons, with the addition of the fruit and nuts which you have provided. The fondant must be worked quickly, while it is warm and not handled too much. For chocolate balls make small balls of fondant and lay on a greased plate to cool. Put some broken chocolate, using Baker's unsweetened, in a dish in a pan of hot water to melt. If desired to thin it add a little butter, but never use water. Put the fondant balls one at a time in the chocolate, turning them over so as to coat them well. A hotpin can be used to take them out. Set them away to harden.

To make cocoanut balls, knead some desiccated cocoanut into the fondant, make into balls and set away to cool. With a brush moisten the outside with the beaten white of an egg, then sprinkle dessicated or freshly grated cocoanut over them. Take small pieces of the fondant and work into convenient shape and press half a walnut into one side, or both, if preferred. Dates can be stoned and used in like manner. A pretty pink color can be made by adding beet juice to a little of the fondant when melted; in this way a nice variety can be made. Figs can be halved and dipped into the white fondant, and when dry into the pink. Mix chopped hickory nuts with white fondant forming a roll. Brush with the white of egg and dry, then dip in warm pink fondant. When dry on the outside slice in thin pieces. Other variations can be made as taste and ingenuity suggest. The pastime is a pleasant one and the freshness of the candies will commend them to all. A nice selection of the varieties packed in a pretty box, with paper between layers, will prove an acceptable holiday gift.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHRISTMAS-TIME! The man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before dimmed or passed away and that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straightened incomes—of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world who can not call up such thoughts any day in the year. Then do not select the merriest of the 365 for your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire—fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter and empty it off-hand, and fill another, and roll off the old ditty you used to sing and thank God it's no worse. Look on the merry faces of your children as they sit round the fire. One little seat may be empty; one slight form that gladdened the father's heart and roused the mother's pride to look upon may not be there. Dwell not upon the past; think not that one short year ago the fair child now resolving into dust sat before you, with the bloom of health upon its cheek, and the gay consciousness of infancy in its joyous eye. Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your new year a happy one!

Who can be insensible to the outpourings of good feeling, and the honest interchange of affectionate attachment, which abound at this season of the year? A Christmas family party? We know nothing in nature more delightful! There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas. Petty jealousies and discords are forgotten, social feelings are awakened in bosoms to which they have long been strangers; father and son, or brother and sister, who have met and passed with averted gaze, or a look of cold recognition, for months before, proffer and return the cordial embrace, and bury their past animosities in their present happiness. Kindly hearts that have yearned towards each other, but have been withheld by false notions of pride and self-dignity, are again reunited, and all is kindness and benevolence! Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through, and that the prejudices and passions which deform our better natures were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers!

The Christmas family party that we mean is not a mere assemblage of relations, got up at a week or two's notice, originating this year, having no family precedent in the last, and not likely to be repeated in the next. It is an annual gathering of all the accessible members of the family, young or old, rich or poor; and all the children look forward to it for two months beforehand in a fever of anticipation. Formerly it was held at grandpapa's; but grandpapa getting old, and grandmamma getting old, too, and rather infirm, they have given up housekeeping and domesticated themselves with Uncle George; so the party always takes place at Uncle George's house, but grandmamma sends in most of the good things, and grandpapa will toddle down all the way to Newgate Market to buy the turkey, which he engages a porter to bring home behind him in triumph, always insisting on the man's being rewarded with a glass of spirits, over and above his hire, to drink "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year" to Aunt George. As to grandmamma, she is very secret and mysterious for two or three days beforehand, but not sufficiently so to prevent rumors getting afloat that she has purchased a beautiful new cap with pink ribbons for each of the servants, together with sundry books and penknives, and pencil cases for the younger branches, to say nothing of divers secret additions to the order originally given by Aunt George at the pastry cook's, such as another dozen of mince pies for the dinner and a large plum cake for the children.

On Christmas Eve grandmamma is always in excellent spirits, and after employing all the children during the day in stoning the plums and all that, insists, regularly every year, on Uncle George coming down into the kitchen, taking off his coat, and stirring the pudding for half an hour or so, which Uncle George good-humoredly does to the vociferous delight of the children and servants; and the evening concludes with a glorious game of blindman's buff, in an early stage of which grandpapa takes great care to be caught, in order that he may have an opportunity of displaying his dexterity.

On the following morning the old couple, with as many of the children as the pew will hold, go to church in great state leaving Aunt George at home dusting decanters and filling casters, and Uncle George carrying bottles into the dining parlor, and calling for corkscrews, and getting into everybody's way.

When the church party return to lunch, grandpapa produces a small sprig of mistletoe from his pocket, and tempts the boys to kiss their little cousins under it—a proceeding which affords both the boys and the old gentleman unlimited satisfaction, but which rather outrages grandmamma's ideas of decorum until grandpapa says that when he was just 13 years and 2 months old, he kissed grandmamma under the mistletoe too, on which the children clap their hands, and laugh very heartily, as do Aunt George and Uncle George; and grandmamma looks pleased, and says, with a benevolent smile, that grandpapa was an impudent dog, on which the children laugh very heartily again, and grandpapa more heartily than any of them.

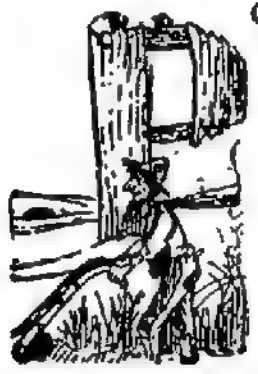
But all these diversions are nothing to the subsequent excitement when grandmamma, in a high cap and slate-colored silk gown, and grandpapa with a beautifully-plaited shirt-frill and white neckerchief, seat themselves on one side of the drawing room fire, with Uncle George's children and little cousins innumerable seated in the front, waiting the arrival of the anxiously expected visitors. Suddenly a hackney coach is heard to stop, and Uncle George, who had been looking out of the window, exclaims, "Here's Jane!" on which the children rush to the door and helter-skelter down-stairs; and Uncle Robert and Aunt Jane, and the dear little baby, and the nurse, and the whole party, are ushered up-stairs amidst tumultuous shouts of "Oh, my!" from the children, and frequently repeated warnings not to hurt baby from the nurse. And grandpapa takes the child, and grandmamma kisses her daughter, and the confusion of this first entry has scarcely subsided, when some other aunts and uncles with more cousins arrive, and the grown-up cousins flirt with each other, and so do the little cousins too, for that matter, and nothing is to be heard but a confused din of talking, laughing and merriment.

A hesitating double knock at the street door, heard during a momentary pause in the conversation, excites a general inquiry of "Who's that?" and two or three children, who have been standing at the window, announce in a low voice, that it's poor Aunt Margaret." Upon which Aunt George leaves the room to welcome the new-comer; and grandmamma draws herself up rather stiff and stately; for Margaret married a poor man without her cousent, and, poverty not being a sufficiently weighty punishment for her offence, has been discarded by her friends, and debarred the society of her dearest relatives. But Christmas has come round, and the unkind feelings that have struggled against better dispositions during the year have melted away before its genial influence, like half-formed ice beneath the morning sun. It is not difficult in a moment of angry feeling for the parent to denounce a disobedient child; but to banish her, at a period of general goodwill and hilarity, from the hearth, round which she has sat on so many anniversaries of the same day, expanding by slow degrees from infancy to girlhood, and then bursting, almost imperceptibly, into the high-spirited and beautiful woman, is widely different. The air of conscious rectitude and cold forgiveness which the old lady has assumed sits ill upon her; and when the poor girl is led by her sister, pale in looks and broken in spirit—not from poverty, for that she could bear, but from the consciousness of undeserved neglect and unmerited unkindness—it is easy to see how much of it is assumed. A momentary pause succeeds; the girl breaks suddenly from her sister, and throws herself, sobbing, on her mother's neck. The father steps hastily forward, and grasps her husband's hand. Friends crowd round to offer their hearty congratulations, and happiness and harmony again prevail.

As to the dinner, it's perfectly delightful. Nothing goes wrong, and everybody is in the very best of spirits, and disposed to please and be pleased. Grandpapa relates a circumstantial account of the purchase of the turkey, with a slight digression relative to the purchase of previous turkeys on former Christmas days, which grandmamma corroborates in the minutest particular. Uncle George tells stories, and carves poultry, and jokes with the children at the side-table, and winks at the cousins that are making love, or being made love to, and exhilarates everybody with his good-humor and hospitality; and when, at last, a stout servant staggers in with a gigantic pudding, with a sprig of holly in the top, there is such a laughing, and shouting, and clapping of little chubby hands, and kicking up of fat dumpy legs, as can only be equaled by the applause with which the astonishing feat of pouring lighted brandy into mince pies is received by the younger visitors. Then the desert!—and the fun! Such beautiful speeches, and such songs, from Aunt Margaret's husband, who turns out to be such a nice man, and so attentive to grandmamma! Even grandpapa not only sings his annual song with unprecedented vigor, but on being honored with a unanimous encore, according to annual custom, actually comes out with a new one, which nobody but grandmamma ever heard before; and a young scapegrace of a cousin, who has been in some disgrace with the old people for certain heinous sins of omission and commission—neglecting to call, and persisting in drinking Burton ale—astonishes everybody into convulsions of laughter by volunteering the most extraordinary comic songs that ever were heard. And thus the evening passes, in a strain of rational good-will and cheerfulness, doing more to awaken the sympathies of every member of the party in behalf of his neighbor, and to perpetuate their good feeling during the ensuing year, than all the homilies that have ever been written by all the divines that have ever lived.

THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING.

(CONTINUED.)



ONDERING over that he moved away slowly, his hand still meditatively stroking his jaw, and a pleased smile on his lips. This new revelation of Catty's character filled him with wondering rapture—to find her with such a spirit of her own was as unexpected as delightful. The more his cheek smarted, the deeper he fell in love.

Meanwhile poor Catty found herself in the most humiliating and unpleasant predicament in which a girl of her class and aspirations could be placed.

The young man with whom she felt most disposed to make friends had been very efficiently checked, and there was scarcely any chance of another gallant being brave enough or foolish enough to take his place.

She did, indeed, as à last resource try the desperate expedient of flirting with two youths at a time, thinking there would be safety in numbers, and flattering herself that she could secretly make choice of either while apparently encouraging both; but Boggart Bob spared her the anguish of indecision. The very first Sunday that the lady's brace of admirers escorted her home from church Bob waylaid them, knocked their heads together till their ideas were a good deal confused, and then rolled them into the mud—not only was it damaging to temper and self-respect to "coort" Catty Lovelady; it was utter destruction to Sunday clothes. After this the hapless damsel was shunned by the youth of the neighborhood, a fact upon which Farmer Leatherbarrow commented grimly, observing that it was a good job folks were beginnin' to see he was in earnest, else he was afear'd he couldn't let the next chap off so easy.

There was apparently no redress for Catty. Her would-be admirers were either not sufficiently ardent or too much afraid of ridicule to have recourse to the law. Her father persisted in regarding each fresh outrage as a part of an excellent joke, and moreover added insult to injury by asserting that it would have to be Bob in the end. Catty would see if it wouldn't. Farmer Leatherbarrow's social status had a good deal to say to this parental heartlessness, and moreover honest old Joe had always entertained a sneaking liking for the surly, straightforward neighbor for whom nobody had a good word, and who, nevertheless, with the exception of his recent outbreaks, had never been known to do any one an ill turn.

Mrs. Lovelady agreed with every one in turn; grumbling with Catty, laughing with her husband, and falling in with the opinion of certain sage gossips that "it 'ud not be sich a bad job arter all if th' lass 'ud coom round to Robert Leatherbarrow," and that, as how it was, his lookin' so sharp arter her kep' her out o' mischief."

One Saturday afternoon just when most housewives are busy and callers are least looked for, Boggart Bob thrust his great black head in at Lovelady's door.

Mrs. Lovelady happened to be polishing her steel fire-irons, and looked up in not the sweetest mood.

"Wheers Catty?" asked Bob.

"I'm sure I don't know—I think hoo went for a walk—hoo'd fettled up parlor, an' then hoo said hoo'd go out. What brings yo' here to-day, Robert?" Mrs. Lovelady had called Leatherbarrow by his Christian name since he had begun to court her daughter. "Yo' ha' not bin fur quite a long while. I thought yo' had given ower coomin'."

"I want to show Catty summat," said Bob. "Good-day. I'm bahn to look fur her."

After scouring the country for an hour or so he caught sight of Catty's dark red dress among the reeds which surrounded a certain large pond at some distance from the path. A few strides of his long legs brought him alongside of her.

Now Catty, as it happened, was feeling melancholy. It was a lovely autumn day, a day to make young hearts leap and young blood course merrily through the veins; as she peered into the water beneath her she saw the reflection of her own face framed by yellow irises and plumy reeds, and said to herself, sadly, that it was a very pretty face, and it was a dismal thing to think that she would never have a lover. What was the good of being young, and pretty, and clever, and "eddicated above the common," if it must be her fate either to put up with Boggart Bob as a husband or to accept the lot of an old maid?

She had passed several loving Saturday couples on the road; amongst the rest, David Alcock with a little dumpy, freckled, red-haired girl; and David had pretended not to see her, but after she had passed she heard the dumpy girl laugh; and then she had betaken her to the fields with red cheeks and a sore heart.

"David was the nicest of them," she thought, but all the lads avoided her now.

As she leaned forward, looking mournfully at the likeness of her red draperies and dark-eyed face mirrored in the still pool, the dappled patch of sky which floated amid the trembling, shadowy reeds was suddenly overcast, and the semblance of a swarthy, eager face appeared beside her own.

With a start and a scream, she turned; Boggart Bob was looking over her shoulder into the water.

"Didn't yo' hear me coom?" he asked. "See, Catty, look yonder—our two faces side by side!"

"I'm sure I don't want to see 'em," cried Catty, but she looked nevertheless, and thought how pink and white her own seemed next to his dark one. And then, in a minute, Bob's beard brushed her cheek and he kissed her.

"Oh!" she cried, jumping back and turning fiery red; "oh! how I do hate you!"

"Catty, I couldn't help it," pleaded Bob apologetically. "Seein' the two faces so nigh to one another i' th' water, yo' knowen—'twas more than a mon could ston'!"

Catty began to walk away without answering; she would have liked to run, but scorned to abate a jot of her dignity. Bob, with one stride, came alongside of her.

"Catty, I want to show yo' summat at my place. Will yo' coom?"

"Likely, I'm sure," she returned loftily.

Bob heaved a sigh.

"Well, I'd as soon yo'd coom pleasant—'t'ud be a dale agree'bler. But if yo' wonnot walk o' yo'r own feet I mun carry yo'."

Catty stood still; her face white, her heart thumping violently. The place was very lonely; nothing in sight but waving corn and wide, bare meadowland; not a sound to be heard but the whistle of a flock of plover overhead and the rustle of the reeds.

"Bob Leatherbarrow," she said, "you are a mean coward of a man to threaten a girl. But you are stronger than me, and I suppose I shall have to give in. I'm going against my will, but I'll walk."

"Catty," answered Bob, "them's cruel words! Threaten yo'! Eh, my lass! d' yo' think I'd ever seech to hurt yo'?"

"Then why can't you let me be?" she cried passionately; a sob rose in her throat, but she choked it down. "Go on, then, if we must go."

They walked together in silence till they reached the Grange; Bob looking downcast and unhappy, and Catty raging in her heart.

In the middle of the yard stood a smart yellow dog cart; no horse was in the shafts, but a set of new brass-mounted harness was flung negligently over the seat.

"Thot," observed Leatherbarrow diffidently, "thot's a new trap, that is."

Catty cast a brief and irate glance at it and walked on.

"An' th' 'arness is new too too," added Bob.

The girl vouchsafed no comment, and Leatherbarrow, with an air of deep depression, ushered her into the house.

In the narrow passage was an aggressively new iron coat-stand, upon which, as he passed, he rapped with a timid knuckle. "For 'ats and sich-like," he explained.

Through an open doorway came a glowing vision of an immense kitchen, which, from the coppers on the walls to the flitches hanging from the rafters, was everything that a farm kitchen ought to be. An old woman was toasting muffins before the fire, and a tidy, rosy-cheeked girl was setting out teacups on a tray.

Robert pointed out the latter and observed in a stage whisper. "Hoo's a new maid—nobbut jest coom."

Then, throwing open the parlor door, he requested Catty to walk in.

It was certainly a magnificent room. The pattern of the Brussels carpet positively jumped to the eye, and the curtains were as red as red could be. There was, moreover, an armchair to match, beside the sofa and six small chairs.

Bob closed the door carefully and stood still.

"Yon's th' new pianner," he remarked, jerking his thumb towards it, "an' thot theer's what they call a work-table; theer's little places fur silks an' wools an' thot inside. An' this 'ere table cloth—did yo' chance to notice th' table-cloth? It costed a dale o' money thot table-cloth did."

His face was crimson, and while he spoke big drops broke out on his brow.

"Theer's chaney," he continued tremulously, "i' th' cupboard yonder an' silver spoons—an' a taypot—an' hauve-a-dozen forks." He paused. "Han yo' tried th' armcheer? It's as soft! An' a silk cushion an' all. Do set yo' down in it."

Catty complied, at once astonished, curious, and exasperated. She was impressed in spite of herself by the splendors around her, and was annoyed with herself for being impressed. What did it matter to her, after all? And yet if Boggart Bob had only been any other man!

He now planted himself in front of her.

"I wanted to show yo' they things," he said huskily. "Catty, they're all yourn if yo'll have 'em. I've bin buyin' 'em up one time and another and now all's ready. Yo' met be as comfortable as th' queen 'ere, wi' yo'r new parlor an' yo'r two maids an' all. Eh, Catty! couldn't yo' noways tak a fancy to me?"

"No, I couldn't," cried Catty crossly. "What is the good of going on so when I've told you over and over again that if there wasn't another man in the world I'd never look at you?"

Bob heaved a deep sigh.

"Well, it's jest th' t'other way round wi' me. If theer was twenty thousand lassies bonnier nor yo'sel', and every one on 'em willin' to wed me, I'd never look at noan but yo'. I can't understand it. Here am I ready to do owt i' th' wide world fur yo'—I'd never grudge yo' nowt—an' theer yo're wishing me out o' yo'r reet! I wonder, Catty, whatever made yo' turn against me thot gate?"

"You wonder!" cried Catty, and she bounced out of the armchair. "Well, of all! Why, how can I do anything but hate you? Haven't you made my life a misery to me ever since I knew you? Didn't you make me a laughing-stock to begin with, having our banns given out without even asking my leave? and haven't you persecuted me ever since?"

"Nay, nay," said Leatherbarrow. "Persecuted? Nay."

"What else can you call it? Fighting and threatening people till they are afraid to come near me. Why can't you let me alone? Why can't I walk out with any one I like without you interfering?"

"I never interfered wi' nobry nobbut th' lads, Catty," expostulated Bob mildly.

"Well, that's just it!" cried she, stamping her foot.

"How con I let another chap keep coompany wi' yo' when I'm keepin' coompany mysel'? 'Tisn't in rayson. If they'd leave yo' alone I'd leave them alone."

"You mean to go on like this always, then?" interrupted Catty angrily.

"Well," said Bob, "once we're wed, yo' know-en, theer wunnot be no 'casion fur 't."

"Oh dear!" she cried, and then she burst into tears. "Oh dear, oh dear, I'm the most miserable girl alive!"

"Catty!" said Bob in amazement. He had never seen her cry before, and was overwhelmed at the sight.

"Yes," sobbed she, "I am. I wish I was dead, that I do! I detest the very sight of you, but I suppose I shall have to marry you some time, because I am so tired of always saying no, and never having any fun like other girls. But you'll be very sorry, I can tell you that!"

She jerked down her handkerchief and looked at him, her eyes glowing through her tears.

"I'll do my very best to make you sorry—I'll make you rue the way you have treated me. I'll pay you out, see if I don't!"

"I'm willing," said Bob, a kind of dubious rapture overspreading his face, "to resk it, Catty. Coom, will yo' r'a'ly marry me?"

Her tears flowed faster than ever.

"I suppose I may as well, as you won't let me have any one else. But I don't do it willingly, and I shall always hate you and wish I were dead. I only hope I'll die before the wedding-day! Oh, Bob," looking up in sudden, desperate entreaty, "can't you see that it won't make you happy to have me for your wife? You have only bullied me into it, and I shall be always"—sob—"always miserable."

Bob looked round, at the piano, and the work-table, and the cupboard in which were stored the "chaney" and the spoons, and then he looked at Catty. He was quite pale.

"Lass," he said, "dun yo' r'a'ly mean thot? I can scarce believe it."

"It's true," said Catty, and another big, round tear rolled over her smooth cheek.

"Well, then—give ower cryin' fur God's sake. I'm fair beat. Give ower, love, an' yo' con do as yo' please!"

He walked over to the window and looked out blankly; continuing presently, in muffled tones:—

"I'll never seech to keep coompany wi' yo' no more—an' yo' con—walk wi'—ony chap yo' fancy. I'll not hinder yo'."

Catty wiped her eyes, and stared at him, too much astonished to speak.

"I'd never ha' denied yo' nowt," went on Bob presently. "A body 'ud think yo' met ha' made yo'rsel' 'appy 'ere—but theer we's say no more about it."

After a moment's pause Catty drew near remorsefully, and touched his arm.

"You're not angry with me, Bob; you don't wish me ill?"

"Nay, nay," he replied, without lookinig round. "I dunnot wish yo' ill, lass. I'm a bit disappi'nted—but I'll happen soon get ower it."

This was not exactly what she had expected; and the laugh with which she next spoke did not ring quite true.

"Oh, yes, of course you'll soon get over it. You must look out for somebody else."

"Ah," agreed Bob mournfully, "I'll look out fur soombry else."

Catty felt unreasonably angry.

"Well, don't court her as you did me, that's all, or you'll spoil your chances. Good-bye, I'm going now."

"Good-bye," said Bob, turning round with a face of infinite woe.

"I'm sure you're not so sorry as all that!" exclaimed Catty, half laughing and half crying.

"I am sorry," said Bob, with a great sob.

"Well, it's all your own fault," said she hesitatingly. "If you—if you had courted me properly it wouldn't have happened."

"D' yo' mean yo'd ha' bin willin' to tak' me?" cried Leatherbarrow.

"There's no telling," responded Catty, with a blush and an arch look. "If you had taken me out walking sometimes, and let me walk with other people when I fancied for a change, and after a while, when I had had time to know you—if you'd asked me nicely, and humbly, and lovingly if I'd have you for a husband—I might have said—yes!"

"Eh, Catty!"

"Well, now I've given you a lesson. You'd better try it with—somebody else."

"Eh, Catty! but I'd a dale sooner try it wi yo'. Connot yo' give a mon another chance? I'd begin straight fro' th' beginnin' and coort yo' nobbut same's yo' tell me. Eh do, my lass! Theer isn't nobry as I con tak' to same as yo" Catty.

Catty looked reflectively at the honest, anxious face, and then her glance wandered to the piano, and thence to the work-table, and the cupboard in the corner; and all at once she smiled.

"We can but try it," she said graciously. "Bob—please, I should so like to see the silver teapot!"

For The Ladies' Journal.

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN GRANDMA AND THE NEW WOMAN.

BY E. BOTTING.

SHE wasn't so awfully new, either, counting by years, but reckoning on the basis of up-to-date opinions, she was extremely recent,—a very bud, as it were. She wore a blue serge bicycle suit, straw sailor and an air of emancipated independence that sits so well on the New Woman.

Grandma was an ancient import from the Emerald Isle, and eyed the New Woman en costume very much as the aborigines must have regarded the landing of Columbus. The New Woman sat down in Grandma's kitchen to rest.

"Sure an' isn't it very hard worruk drivin' that quare-lookin' crather?" asked Grandma, examining the "crather" curiously.

"Oh! My! No!" answered the New Woman with enthusiasm. "It is a most exhilarating recreation besides its hygienic effects. Why, it develops muscles that are not brought into action otherwise. It—"

"An' wouldn't washin', an' bakin', an' sweepin', an' scrubbin', an' sich like invelop the mussels jist as well?" asked Grandma innocently.

"Oh, of course there is a certain amount of development connected with labor of that kind," answered the New Woman dubiously. "But it is generally conceded now that the beneficial results of exercise are greatly enhanced by the pleasure derived therefrom. The Woman of the Future is going to add twenty years to her life by her enlightened views on these things."

"La, sakes!" exclaimed Grandma wonderingly. "Do tell! I'm seventy-four now an' jist to think I might ha' lived to be most a hundred if I'd only knew it. But it's too late now, I s'pose," with a resigned sigh.

"And how much more honey you might have extracted from the wayside flowers of life!" suggested the N. W.

"Me distract honey!" ejaculated Grandma letting drop her knitting in her astonishment. "For the land's sake! An' does women do the distractin' honey now-a-days? I s'pose bees has gone clean out o' fashion, and Pathrick Henery bought three noo skips jist las' week."

"I didn't mean that," explained the N. W. with calm despair, "I meant that you might have had more pleasure by combining intelligent recreation with your household duties."

"Playsure, is it?" said Grandma exultingly. "Me an' Pathrick Henery has been married fifty-siven years, an' niver missed a Orange walk in all that time, an' tuk the childher. We've had thirteen childher and ivery wan married now but the youngest b'y." Grandma's triumph was glorious to behold.

Ye'll soon be thinkin' o' settlin' now yerself, I s'pose," she continued reflectively. "I sh'uld think a good-lukin young woman like you c'uld do well;—but I w'uldn't wait too long if I wuz you," with a warning shake of her head. "It's resky."

The N. W.'s nose,—Nature has been lavish with her in this respect—went several degrees higher in the air. "I anticipate considerable success in my career, but not in the vulgar way you refer to," she said with supreme disdain. "In this enlightened age women have higher ambitions, nobler ideals, than merely to transform themselves into domestic drudges as soon as possible. The proportion of unmarried women is——"

"Old maids!" interjected Grandma. "Poor things! When I was a gairl I made up my mind I'd take the first well-lukin' man that ast me. An' so I did. An' me and Pathrick Henery wuz married when I wuz jist siventeen. Not but what I'd been safe enough to ha' waited a year or two longer, for I had lots o' young fellahs lookin' after me," added Grandma with retrospective pride; "but I think it's well for a gairl to marry airly an' have her dear little gran'childher about he. when she's gittin' old."

A dear little grandchild who had been staring open-mouthed at the N. W., hearing itself thus referred to, closed its buttermilk eyes, threw back its tow-head, widened its capacious mouth, and ran the chromatic scale in Wa-a-agh! as if to demonstrate the desirability of such acquisitions as dear little grandchildren in general.

"I think I must go now;" said the N. W. hurriedly preparing to remount as soon as she could get a hearing.

"Ef yeh'll wait a bit till Michael Joseph comes home—that's my son, he's called atther my mother's second husband's cousin—He'll be afther lavin' yeh to where yeh want to go wi' a horse an' buggy. It 'ud be a dale nicer ridin' wi' a fine young man than flyin' along all by yerself on that crather. I c'uld lend yeh a skirt to put over them." Grandma's modesty was too great to allude to the them under any more definite appellation.

"Michael Joseph's lookin' around a bit afther a wife and mebbe he might take a fancy teh——" But the New Woman was out of hearing and trying to break her record.

Meats and Their Relishes.

With roast beef, grated horse-radish.
Roast pork, apple sauce.
Roast veal, tomato or mushroom sauce.
Roast mutton, currant jelly.
Boiled mutton, caper sauce.
Boiled chicken, bread sauce.
Roast lamb, mint sauce.
Roast turkey, cranberry sauce.
Boiled turkey oyster sauce.
Venison or wild ducks, black currant jelly.
Boiled bluefish, white cream sauce.

HOME COMING.

BY NEITH BOYCE.

OVER the hills Harrison Martin walked slowly away from the little station, conscious to his amusement, of the sensation his arrival had created among the group of loafers upon the bare, grimy platform. He had insisted upon carrying his own valise, thereby dashing the hopes of certain bare-legged, brightly-tanned urchins, who had proposed among themselves to gratify the public curiosity at his expense. A smile touched Martin's gray-bearded lips as he recollected the days of extreme youth when this same station platform had been a favorite resort of his own. The mystery of the rushing trains, appearing and disappearing from and into the unknown, crowded with half-seen faces, each one a problem to be guessed at, had first stirred his imagination and his ambition.

Since the estatic day when one of these fiery chariots had whirled him away from the little village, he had revisited it at widening intervals. First a pompous stripling from the "Academy" in all the glory of Sunday clothes; then a budding lawyer, briefless but buoyant; and finally, proud moment, the representative of his own district in the State Legislature. Since that last triumphal entry many years had passed. He felt a very Rip Van Winkle returning to find the changes of a quarter of a century.

He had not been recognized, evidently his fellow-townsmen were not expecting him. The ex-Governor congratulated himself. Bless the old mother, he thought and his step quickened. She had known how to shield their meeting from prying eyes. He should find her, perhaps, on the doorstep of the old farm-house over the long, sloping hill.

He turned to the left away from the scattered houses of the village and began the easy ascent. The warm summer dusk was softly absorbing the remembered outlines of valley and hills, and even of the orchards and farm buildings on either side the road. The scent of the sweet clover came to him warm and spicy. It still grew all along the wayside. And beyond over the snake-fences clambered the blackberry vines which he had often despoiled, and the thorny wild-rose bushes, whose pale pink blossoms girls liked and made a fellow tear his hands to pieces to get for them. When he had reached the top of the hill—he thought of it as a hill from habit—and had begun the still more gradual descent on the other side, a light flashed through the dusk below. His heart jumped, for he knew that the lamp had been set in the front-parlor window for him, and he walked on swiftly, his eyes upon it.

His mother was standing at the edge of the road. In the deeper shadow of the old apple tree beside the gate he could just glimpse the outlines of her little black figure and the white blur of her apron. Then she called to him:

"Is that you, Tip?"

He dropped his bag and took her in his arms, and she shed a tear or two on his coat sleeve. Then they went in through the gate, up the walk bordered with sweet alyssum and lined with lilac bushes. The front door stood wide open and a cheerful light streamed out. In the doorway sat an enormous gray cat, a stranger to Martin. Everything else was familiar, unchanged. Even the little old woman, in her best black gown, pinned at the throat with the huge pink cameo brooch he had bought for her with his first earnings, has scarcely aged, it seemed to him. As she smiled up at him her eyes were still bright, and there was a faint pink in her delicate cheeks.

"I declare mother, you haven't changed a bit," he said, as they stopped a moment by the door of the old-fashioned parlor.

"You have, Tip," she said wistfully. "You're as gray as your father was when he died. And that beard changes you, too. But you're tired. Come into your room and wash and we'll talk afterward."

She led the way through the parlor, rigidly decorous with haircloth furniture and a marble-topped centre-table, into the best bedroom—sacred arcanum into which his boyhood had never been allowed to penetrate. He had occupied it once, on the occasion of his visit in the capacity of Assemblyman—never before or since. In all the subsequent time it seemed not to have been disturbed. The starched and frilled "shams" upon the bed, the lace tidy on the best rocker, the drawn-work scarf on the bureau were the same. But there was a new-fashioned lamp upon the dresser and a vase of clover pinks and mignonette. The windows, too, open on the veranda, had screens in them instead of white mosquito-netting nailed across.

"It's just the same," he said, with a delighted smile.

"Yes. There hasn't anybody slept here since your father died. But I've aired and swept it regular once a week just the same, so it's as good as new." She laughed a little, eyeing him fondly. "Now you can brush the dust off you, and I'll get supper on. It's all ready."

The pitcher and the bowl on the little wash-stand were the very ones whose gilt bands and crinkled edges had once seemed to him the height of magnificence. The water in which he washed was rain water, soft and brown, and it had the well-remembered earthy fresh smell. There was magic in it. When he finished his simple toilet he seemed to have regained something of his youth. His faced had lost for the time the haggard look; which was not all weariness. It softened and brightened as he looked around the little room before he went out.

In the sitting-room the round table was set under the hanging lamp, and the gray cat sat erect and supercilious in one of the cane-bottomed chairs. Martin made some slight overtures to this personage, but was received with such haughty indifference that he retreated to the hearth-rug. It was too warm for fires, and the grate had been filled with growing green plants in painted tins. Mrs. Martin came in from the kitchen carrying a plate of smoking biscuits in one hand and a little teapot in the other. They smiled at each other.

"I haven't got a very big supper for you," she said, contemplating the table, "but I tried to get the things you liked. There's cream toast and cold chicken, and honey and orange cake"——

"Jerusalem! What an appetite I must have had once," said Martin. "I am certain I've never had it since, but perhaps that's because I couldn't have you to cook for me."

Then they talked, or Martin did, answer the questions which she had been keeping for him. She was too happy to eat, but she sat opposite, watching him with shining eyes. She told him that she had read every word of his speeches in the newspapers he had sent her, and even of the pamphlet on free coinage, which she thought wonderfully deep; and she asked about his home, and Mabel and the two children, whom she had never seen.

"They're all well, very well," he said, slowly. "The boy, they say, looks like me. His beard is just sprouting now, and I hold out hopes to him that some day the resemblance may be complete. I've got some photographs in my valise."

"I did think, perhaps, some of them would come with you—I should like to see them once, anyway."

Martin glanced at her and pressed his bearded lips together firmly before he spoke.

"The children are at the sea shore this time of year, you know, and Mabel—well, she couldn't get away very well—it's quite an undertaking to cross the continent in summer. But they'll—come some day."

"And after all I don't know but I'd rather have just you, Tip—it seems more like—like old times."

She glanced across the table and her lips trembled slightly. Martin divined that she was thinking of his father and of the last time the three had been together. Presently she began to speak to him of the old man's pride in his son and longing to see him before he died, and of his serenity when death came first. Her voice was even and her face bright as she spoke, but Martin found himself strangely moved as he had not been even when the news of death came.

They rose from the table and she began to gather up the supper dishes.

"Surely," said Martin, in surprise, "you don't do all the work of the house alone?"

"All the work?" She laughed merrily. "How much do you suppose there is to do for one old woman and a cat? But I have Sophia Eleanora to wash and scrub. Sophia!"

She opened the kitchen door and called in a tall, bony, freckled young person.

"Sophia, you may clear the table and wash the dishes—all but the cups and saucers, you understand."

Sophia blushed furiously and kept her eyes down, but Martin felt certain as soon as his back was turned that she was taking an inventory of him from his gray hair down to the creased trousers of his tweed travelling suit for the subsequent refection of the neighbors. He had a vague recollection of the genuis she represented, though this particular specimen was new to him. His mother's first words as she joined him on the porch corroborated this intuition.

"Sophia Eleanora didn't know I was expecting you," she said, with evident satisfaction. "I knew we wouldn't have a minute's peace to-night if the neighbors knew. But they'll all know to-morrow."

Martin laughed and blew the smoke of his cigar out into the still air.

They sat late in the warm dusk, talking now and then in low tones, but silent for long intervals. The crickets and the tree frogs filled in the pauses with their drowsy chirpings. The lilacs and the sweet alyssum breathed out great waves of fragrance. The very air was peace.

When they went at last she remembered the photographs.

"If you aren't too tired," she added, with a swift glance at his face.

"Not a bit—they're in my valise. I'll get them."

There were four—one of a fine-looking boy, one of a laughing girl face framed in loose, curling hair, and two of the dark handsome Mabel, who had a strain of Spanish blood in her, though this the New England woman did not know. She smiled at the pictures of the children, but something about the others—perhaps the low-cut evening dress did not please her.

"She is very beautiful," she said, after a moment's hesitation

"Yes," said Martin.

"She must be a great society woman—she looks like it. How young she looks, too."

"She is thirty-eight," said Martin, slowly. "Yes—she's fond of society and gayety—but I think she's fonder of the children and"——

"Of course—and you. And of course she don't allow such things to interfere with her home. From the pictures you sent me you must have a lovely home."

"I have a very handsome house," said Mar-

A CHRISTMAS ACCIDENT.

tin. He sat down on the bed and fixed his eyes on the delicate old face bent over the photographs. "But some way it doesn't seem so much like—like home as this does--or as the little cottage we had in 'Frisco just after we were married. But I suppose it's natural—at least it is to me—to like the old things and the old ways best"——

He had spoken dreamily and his voice sank away, leaving the sentence unfinished. The old woman looked from his face to the photograph and back again. Then she laid the pictures on the bureau and came to his side, touching his shoulder wistfully.

"Dear, ain't you happy?" she asked.

He looked up at her with a faint smile.

"Not quite," he said. "Some day I'll tell you all about it and you'll comfort me as you used to."

"I wish I could." She lingered a moment longer. "Good-night now. You look tired."

She kissed him softly and went out. For some time Martin sat still on the edge of the bed. His eyes were fixed and sad. But when in the warm darkness he stretched himself out between the fragrant sheets on the ancient mattress that rustled and creaked with his every movement, the old careless peace, presage of dreamless sleep, seemed to enfold him. The drowsy sing-song of the night insects came in with the flower scent through the windows. In the next room he could hear his mother moving softly about. It was all so sweet, so calm. He was content, happy, to feel himself drift into forgetfulness. Once he was conscious that his door had opened softly. A vague impulse moved him to call to her, to speak out the grief in his heart. But he was silent.

On the afternoon of the next day, as they drove lazily along the gently-rolling country roads, this impulse recurred more strongly. The revelation of his domestic unhappiness must be made sooner or later—the sooner the better, he felt—and yet it was hard to speak. It seemed almost as though his mother guessed and was trying to make it easier.

That morning while they were breakfasting at the forgotten hour of 6 in the morning (which rather to Martin's surprise seemed not without its advantages after all), she had said as she refilled his coffee cup:

"When it gets cooler this afternoon, Tip, I'm going to drive you over to the burying ground. I want you to see where we laid your father—and the grand monument you ordered. It's just beautiful."

He spent his morning loitering about the old place, poking into nooks and corners where dim, filmy recollections clung with the cobwebs. He had interviewed two or three of the old fossils who remembered him as a boy, and had pleased himself in drawing out their stories of youthful exploits which he himself had forgotten. And he had slept away the early afternoon hours lying in the thick bright grass of the orchard under a patriarchal apple-tree.

The day was warm, but by 4 o'clock, when they set out, the air was less oppressive. Still, the small, fat pony elected to walk the greater part of the way, and to groan bitterly when he was obliged to drag the phaeton up the ever so gentle elevations there denominated hills. Martin laughed unfeelingly at him.

"I should like to take that horse out west and show him a California hill!" he said. "Straight up—hundreds of feet—with a narrow trail winding around on the edge of nothing! How would you like such a lump in your back yard?"

"Dear me, Tip, I should be afraid of it!"

He laughed again. "How good it seems to hear that old nickname again! I haven't heard it before for twenty years."

"Yes," she said, meditatively. "We called you Tip—short for Tippecanoe—on account of your being named for President Harrison. I remember the first real quarrel your father and I had was over naming you."

"Quarrel! What—you two?"

"Yes—we two! You didn't suspect it, did you now. We'd got over it a good deal, though, by the time you were old enough to understand. You see, it made us kind of ashamed to think you should see it."

She laughed gently. "O yes, we had quarrels—lots of 'em—but we pulled through, and loved each other all the better to make up."

The last words came with a little hesitation. The New England reticence was almost too much for them. There was a pause. Here, surely, was Martin's opportunity. He glanced down at her face, touched now with a soft, retrospective smile.

"Did you ever think perhaps you had made a mistake?" he asked abruptly.

"Mistake! In each other, you mean?"

"Well, in thinking you were suited—meant for each other—if there is such a thing. Did you ever imagine that you weren't, or were you always sure?"

She looked up. His eyes were fixed absently on the distant horizon. She felt the meaning of his question, and her voice trembled a little when at last she spoke.

"Yes. Sometimes it did seem as though it was all wrong. There was a time—three years

after we were married—when I most lost hope. There seemed to be a wall growing up between us, and it got higher every day. At last it was so we hardly spoke expect just when we had to."

"And then?"

"Then we found out somehow that we could love each other yet, and that it was easier to get along without other things than without—that."

Silence fell again. They did not look at each other. The pony dismally climbed the last hill and descended cautiously into the hollow where lay the little cemetery. There was a whitewashed picket fence about it to keep out stray cattle. Inside, the walks as well as the irregularly scattered mounds were overgrown with bright lush grass. Upon some of the graves this grass was cut short and even; upon others it grew long and unkempt, reaching up coarse fibres about the sagging tombstones. There was an evil suggestion in its luxuriance.

At the farther side of the enclosure, dominating proudly the lowly slabs and urns of gray and white, rose a shaft of red granite; at a little distance a long, low mound was covered with soft turf, this in turn almost hidden by long, graceful sprays of the climbing pink roses, the blossoms of which were faded now. Martin turned his back on the granite spire silently, but his mother glanced at it with gentle pride. He carried away the withered roses from the grave and dropped them over the fence. She knelt and kissed the green sod over the spot where the man's heart had once lain. Then they strewed over it fresh roses—a mass of pale, soft bloom—and, lingering, gazed down a few moments in silence.

"Isn't it good!" the little woman said, at last. "There's my place waiting for me beside him, and a place on the monument for my name."

Her eyes were oddly bright, and her gentle old face became resolute, almost austere.

"Tip," she said, "suppose your father, instead of lying there waiting for us, was buried somewhere out in the wide world, neither you nor I knowing where? It might have been, dear. If it hadn't been for God's mercy at the last minute you might have grown up without your father. Think of it! We two, that loved each other so, came near throwing away all those years of happiness like so much rubbish!"

"How?" Martin asked, almost inaudibly.

"We had a dreadful quarrel, Tip, when you were not three years old. I told you that about that time things were going pretty badly with us—we had grown apart and were both sure that we never could get on together again. You see, your father was grave and a student, like you, my dear—always tinkering at this invention or that, or reading some deep book, when he had a minute from his work—and I was young and fond of gadding—feather-headed, he told me"—

"You were—you!"

"I'm afraid so. Yes, I was pretty in those days, Tip, and real gay! You wouldn't believe it of your old mother, would you?"

"Go on," he said. An odd light came into his eyes, which looked away from her across the cemetery. He felt the hesitation, the difficulty, with which she spoke, he realized in part what this breaking down of a sacred reserve cost her. Her words, slow and tremulous, moved him strangely, for he divined the reason of their utterance.

"Well, one night all the trouble came to a head, I had—done something or other that your father thought foolish, and we had words. Then he got into one of his dreadful tempers. He was never one to say very much, but that night he told me he was going to—to leave me. He said I could stay in the house, and if I would have his mother to live with me I could keep you, my baby! And he wrote me a check for half the money he had in the bank—it was little enough, poor father! And then he went upstairs and packed his clothes. I can see myself now, Tip, as I sat there in the little parlor, in my foolish new gown, listening to the footsteps over my head. You were asleep in the little closet off our bedroom, and I wondered if he would go in and kiss you good-by. He did, and then he came downstairs. He had his hat on and a portmanteau in his hand. It was the one we had carried on our wedding-trip. He went through the house, locked all the doors, shook down the fire in the stove and wound the clock—just as usual. Then—he went out of the house."

"Well, and then?" came in a faraway tone from Martin's lips.

"Then—my heart seemed to break. I saw that it meant the ruin of two lives. I thought of my little child. What sort of a home could I make for him, a foolish young creature like me—alone? . . . Oh, Tip, some one must give in always! And"—her voice sank almost to a whisper—"I think it must be the one that loves—most."

She stood a moment longer, her wistful eyes seeking his averted face. Then they went out together and drove slowly home through the warm, lengthening shadows.

It was a silent journey. The man was thinking deeply—recalling his early home-life, perceiving, with a sudden inward vision, how the loving, forbearing harmony of the home had resolved from discord. For his own children he could wish nothing better than the memory of such peaceful happiness, as he could imagine nothing worse than an inheritance of broken family ties, of disunion, of a tradition of failure, which must be a stigma and a shame. And Mabel? she was still young, pretty, admired—and she was alone. It was not that he had not already thought of these things. But a new light had suddenly been shed upon the question; he found himself thinking from a subtly altered point of view. It seemed possible, where he had seen a blank wall before him, if not to go forward, at least partly to retrace his path.

When they reached the house he petitioned to be allowed to put the pony up himself, vice Sophia Eleanora, general factotum, and, in spite of his mother's protest, carried his point. He conscientiously rubbed down the fat beast, whose very mild exertions had resulted in a copious perspiration, and who regarded that unwonted attention with undisguised and rather contemptuous astonishment. Afterward, this fastidious gentleman took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and performed his ablutions in the manner of his boyhood, under the pump, to his own entire satisfaction.

After supper he smoked a cigar or two on the porch in the warm moonlight, with the drowsy chirping of the crickets all about him and his mother's placid presence in the shadow near him. Then he went in, saying he was going to write a letter.

It seemed worth trying—worth while to make one last endeavor to beckon Love back before the glimmer of his wings had vanished quite. After all, it might touch her—if he could catch and fix on paper something of the pathos, the tenderness of the drama which these old walls about him had beheld. The letter would startle her, certainly—would give her a new sensation. And Mabel was fond of new sensations. The novelty—and, above all, the unexpectedness—of his proposition might appeal to her. Martin smiled a little bitterly at this reflection. But, as he sat over his task, his face grew grave, then softened into tenderness. The ink ran from the end of his pen. Little phrases, forgotten since the days of his honeymoon, shaped themselves, beating with life, on the white paper.

"Dear," he ended, "come to me here, in this quaint nook among the old hills, where time stands still, and the restlessness of the world we know has never entered. The realities of life are here—love and sorrow and faith. Come and learn for yourself how beautiful these are. Life and love are not ended yet for us."

It was long past midnight when he gathered up the closely-written pages, and, without trusting himself to read them over, enveloped and addressed them.

"Even if she telegraphs," he said, when he had put double postage on the letter, and, smiling at himself, a kiss on the superscription, "it will be six days before I shall hear."

A week later a tall, gray-bearded man swung buoyantly up the hill from the station. With head erect, shoulders braced, eyes alive, he seemed to have dropped the burden of years in sight of some promised land of joy.

At Christmas Time.

At Christmas time last year
So many friends that now are gone were here!
So many hopes were glowing then unspoken,
So many faiths were strong that now lie broken,
And loving hearts that trusted without fear;
At Christmas time last year.

At Christmas time this year
So many of us find the world a drear
And barren desert wherein blooms no rose,
With mountain peaks surrounding it whose snows
Have chilled our hearts, and turned life's foliage sere
At Christmas time this year.

At Christmas time next year,
Who knows what changing fortunes may be near?
Take courage, then! For night shall turn to day,
From brightening skies the clouds must roll away,
And faith and hope and love shall all be here
At Christmas time next year!

Matrimonial Philosophy.

DOUBTLESS there are few if any "ructions" in a house the mistress of which has common sense, an even temper and a certain amount of foresight. However, she shou'd be capable of managing small details for herself and should not unduly bother her husband about things which she should carry through alone, because to do that is one of the reasons why she exists at all. I am not one bit astonished at the ridiculous manner in which some people talk about marriage and the "fearful thraldom and misery thereof," when I have seen the idiotic way in which some women behave, and the manner in which they take every little detail of their lives to their unfortunate spouses to legislate for, from the evil doings of the cook and washerwoman to the real or supposed social slights they have met with. A man detests these puerile matters, and she is wise who can manage her own domestic details and who never sees any slights. It is only a very small person who can be snubbed, and to acknowledge a snubbing acknowledges one's own smallness in a singularly frank and open manner.

But if a woman feverishly dwells on these things it maddens a man altogether, and I, therefore, advise the woman who is not emancipated, and who doesn't think about marriage in the imbecile way all too many people fancy they do nowadays, to arrange her home and her life so as to have as little friction as possible, and to avoid all the small carelessness and forgetfulness from which so many silly little disagreeables all to often spring, resulting sooner or latter in the grave quarrels which may undermine a household and bring the whole "estate of matrimony" into deserved contempt. Men are impatient creatures, and must be recognized as such, and they are also very much more resentful of small discomforts than women are.

For a relish try broiled fresh mackerel, with sauce of stewed gooseberries.

FANCY WORK

Photo Frame of White Linen.

To make this very dainty little frame, you will require two pieces of heavy white card board 8½x9 inches. Cut from the center of one piece an oval opening 3½ x 5½ inches. Pad the front of frame with three thicknesses of wadding (between which a little satchet powder has been scattered), wetting the glazed surface so that it will adhere to the board smoothly. When dry

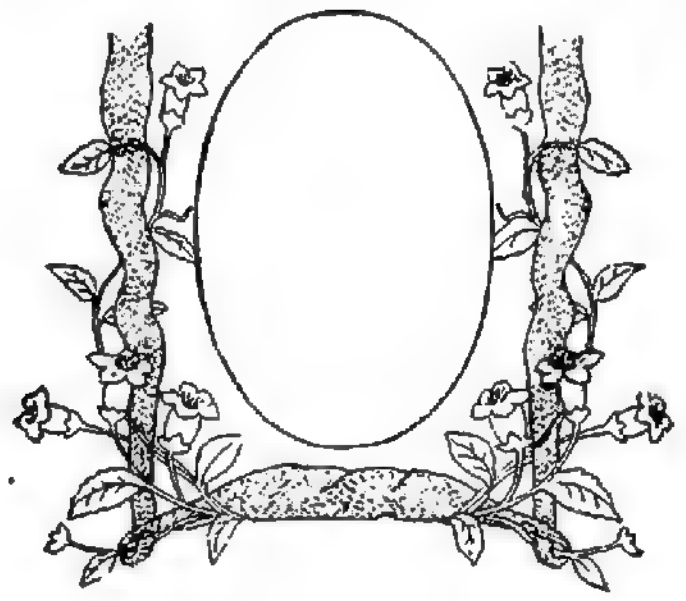


PHOTO FRAME OF WHITE LINEN.

cover smoothly, but not too tightly, with the linen—on which the design has been embroidered, or (if it is to be painted) drawn, fastening on the wrong side with glue, being careful not to let the glue touch the edges of frame. If the design is to be painted in water colors, go over the entire design with Chinese white for a foundation. Outline the ribbon and wash in the shadows with Antwerp blue to which a touch of rose madder has been added. Paint the blossoms of the whitlavia with the same color, leaving the throat of the blossom white, the stamens blue. Paint the leaves with Hooker's green, adding a touch of brown madder to the stems.

If the design is to be embroidered, outline and darn the ribbon with Belding's white filo floss No. 1200. Work the blossoms with blue Nos. 1457, 1458. The leaves with 1373½, 1375, 1375½. Or, if a brighter green be preferred, 1248, 1249, 1250. Finish the frame by a row of feather stitching in white to come exactly at the edge of frame. Glue the remaining piece of card board to the back, having first cut a slit, the width of a photo, in position to correspond with top of oval opening in front. Glue a strip of the card board to the back, below the opening, for a support.

BABY'S BASSINET.

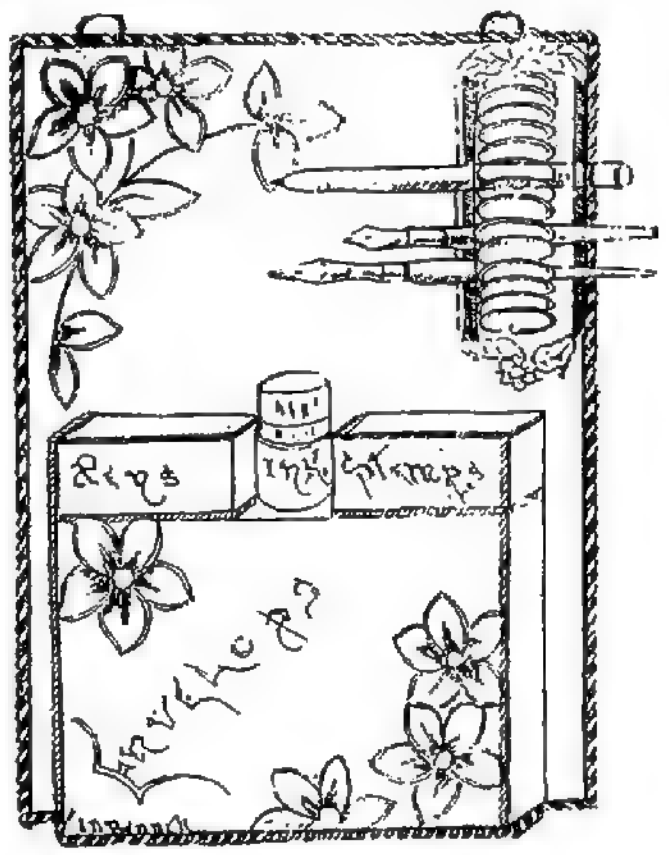
Baby's Bassinet.

The foundation of this bassinet is a low round-cornered wicker basket ten inches deep, twenty-eight long, and eighteen wide. Three loops are attached near the upper end to support the head screen. The furnishings are in white throughout. Inside and outside it is wadded lightly and covered with white satin, that on the outside veiled with sprigged muslin. Around the outside falls a flounce of plain muslin, with lace insertion and edging; a frill of lace edges the inside, and a jabot is carried around the screen, stiffened with wire at the top. A twist of white ribbon trims the upper edge, caught with bows at intervals, and a ribbon strap terminating in bows is attached to the screen and hooked to the foot of the bassinet.

Wall Pocket for Stationery.

This handy little article—especially for the person, of the masculine gender, who can never remember where the ink and paper are kept—is made of grey linen. The variety sold as dress linen at twenty-five cents a yard, and which has a high polish, is best.

The size will largely depend on the size of paper and envelopes used, the back is made double to admit of slipping in a tablet or letter paper at the side. The pocket at bottom should be a trifle larger than the envelopes and of sufficient depth to hold fifty envelopes. A good quality of Bristol board may be used for the foundation, and the linen must be decorated before covering the different compartments. The decoration is very simple for anything so effective and consists of painting in the design, with Chinese white, shading the centers of petals with green, and outlining with Japanese gold cord, couched down with yellow silk. It will be best to cut a pattern for the different parts of stiff brown paper bend them to the required shape and adjust to position



on the back. Now take your Bristol board—ten ply is best—mark with pencil and rule where the sides of compartments should come and with a sharp knife cut partly through the board. They will now bend without breaking into the required box form. Cover with the decorated linen and line with the plain; sewing the edges together, over and over, with gray silk.

The two little boxes on top of envelope case have a rubber band passing from front edge of lid through the back which keeps them closed. A narrow strip is fitted between them in circular form to hold a small patent ink stand. At the upper right hand corner a spiral pen rack is attached and the different parts are joined firmly together with grey button-hole twist and finished with a twisted gold cord.

Knitting Bag.

This knitting bag is one of the handiest of contrivances, as it can be carried over the arm, and while knitting it can be left there, and the ball of wool be within reach and unsoiled. Our model is made of plain satin and lined with satin of a contrasting color. Cut out two banjo-shaped pieces, length seventeen inches, width at the lower end eight inches, at the top four inches. If your material is plain, work a spray with filoselle on one piece only, on the widest part; shape and sew in the lining to each piece, then sew the two pieces together, joining them at the narrowest part and leaving an opening of eight inches on each side to pass the arm through. Below this opening slip-stitch or whip the two pieces together for the rest of the bag. At the narrowest part make a single box plait and thus bring the four inches into a two-inch space. Sew a silk cord around the edges over the seams and carry it around the arm-hole. This would make a suitable present for Christmas or birthday for an elderly lady.

Sweet Peas and Butterflies.

This design will be most effective if worked in long and short stitch in Asiatic Filo Floss either

in white or in colors. The sweet peas are so dainty in coloring that I think I—for one—should prefer the natural colors, using white Filo Floss for the ground color and shading in the centers and veins with pale pink lavender and a very delicate green for the different flowers. Work the leaves in a soft grey green in long and short stitch. The butterflies are worked in long and short button hole for the edge of wings, the bodies, which must be padded, in satin stitch and the round spots on wings either in outline or as eyelets.

Laundry Bags.

Such a neat thing as a laundry bag should be in every house. If made prettily it is an ornament. There is nothing so untidy as soiled clothing lying about a room, and where a laundry bag is at hand, such a thing would never be. The one in our illustration is made of very light brown denim. The design, which anyone can draw, is worked in dark brown cotton, in outline stitch. The bag

measures a yard long and three-fourths of a yard wide. A heading finishes the top, and two drawing strings, one running each way, are run through, with which to hang by.

Clematis Design for Doily.

Transfer the design to white tinen of any preferred quality. The fine pillow case linen I use almost exclusively myself for such work. Work the stems in outline stitch with Asiatic Filo Floss in white or—if the natural color of the clematis is preferred—in green a trifle darker than the leaves. The leaves may be worked either in outline or solidly with long and short stitch. The flowers are worked in pure white in satin stitch, and the stamens are in one long stitch ending with a knot stitch in yellow Filo Floss, the long stitch in pale green. Worked solidly thus, either in white or the natural color of the flower, and outlined with wash gold thread, either in outline or couched down, the effect is beautiful. The edge is worked once in long and short button hole, then cut out and again worked in button hole—the stitches shorter this time—to prevent fraying and give a smoother finish.

Hexagonal and Neat.

The quilt design is photographed from life. The 12 pieces of which it is constituted are of calico, three of them black, with colored figures, three gray and the six outside pieces in black and white stripes.

Leaf Doily or Cushion Cover.

This pretty doily pattern is suitable for so many articles of decorative work that I hardly know which to describe to you, I will, however, suggest two or three and leave further application to the individual needs of my readers. To work for doily, center piece, or pin cushion either fine white linen—the pillow case linen that comes fifty-four inches wide and one dollar per yard, is best—or fine, cream white satine may be used. The former is more durable, the latter has a beautiful satiny effect when finished. Work the leaves in three shades of yellow—Belding's filo floss Nos. 1263, 1264, 1265 are good shades—in long and short button hole stitch, using the lightest shade of yellow for the four central or top leaves, the next shade for the next row of large leaves, and for the small leaves on the edge the darkest shade. Cut out the linen around the edge and go over the cut edge of each leaf with an extra row of button hole—of the same shade with which the leaf is worked—taking these stitches just into the edge of the last row. This strengthens the edge and also covers the cut edge at the linen.

Work the circle in the center in a close even button hole, working from the center out so

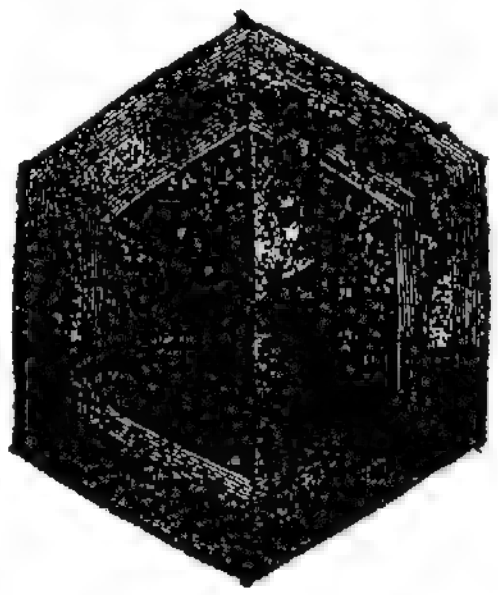
CLEMATIS DESIGN FOR DOILY.

that the rib is on the inside. But before working the circle the lines for the spider web in centre must be drawn. To do this, mark the position of the lines an equal distance apart on the linen, pass your needle through at one point, bring it across at the opposite point, run along the circle to the next point, cross over again and so continue till all the lines are laid. You will then have a set of single threads, and each alternate space will be run. Turn back and go over the ground in the opposite direction running the unworked sections and twisting your thread around the one already laid in crossing over. Work the web in center by passing the needle alternately under and over the threads till it is the required size; or, passing the needle under a thread pass it under a second time—thus twisting the thread around the bar—and at the same time under the next bar. This gives a raised center which is beautiful. And it is a very useful stitch for filling in open spaces in cut work. Cut the linen out carefully from the center and the doily is finished.

If used for pin cushion two pieces of linen will be required, for the top and bottom, although only the edge of the lower one needs to be worked. Mount this on a round pin cushion, around the edge of which a puff of yellow silk (the second shade) has been arranged so that the points of the large leaves may be caught together and the silk puffed out in little puffs between.

In the same way a lovely sofa pillow may be arranged by enlarging the design to sixteen inches and mounting over an eider down or feather pillow. Cut out of white felt it makes a lovely center-piece for a stand.

Of course it can be worked in any preferred color, or white. For a pin cushion, one of the prettiest combinations is olive green over a puff of shrimp pink.



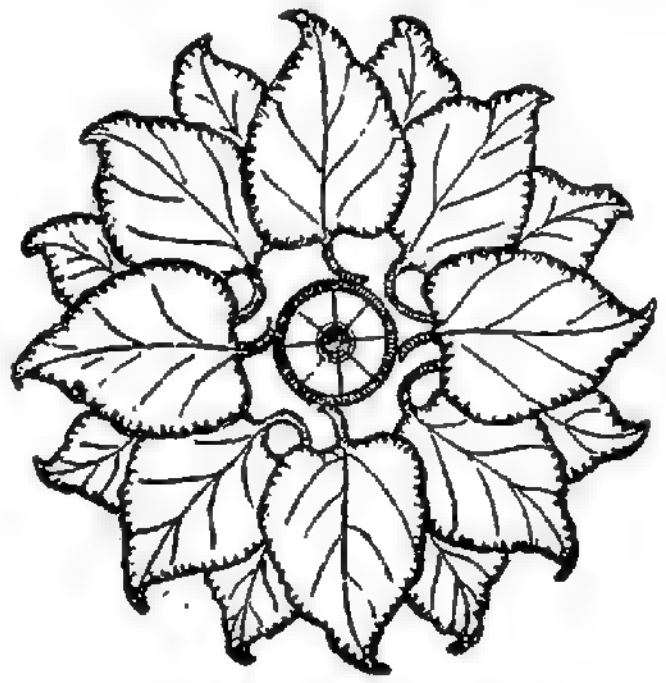
QUILT DESIGN.

Decorative Notes.

Simply fashioned and neatly made, lampshades of silk, lace or chiffon of delicate, well-chosen tints are beautiful in themselves and highly decorative. Elaborately trimmed with bows, rosettes or streamers of ribbon, artificial flowers, birds or bugs, they are neither the one nor the other. Happily, the latter sort have had their day, and the shades most in vogue now are of porcelain or colored glass or else of silk, lace or chiffon simply made. The delft pattern, which is so popular in china, wall-paper and decorative fabrics, is not less effective on porcelain shades. There are charming marines in old-fashioned blue, quaint landscapes and figures, and floral designs more or less conventionalized in soft tints and pleasing combinations of colors. In glass there are soft, cool tints of blue and green, mellow yellows and opal, and glowing reds, in exceptionally artistic shapes.

Candlesticks made of heavy tin and enameled in colors to match the prevailing color of the bedchamber in which they are used, are indeed a pleasing addition—if candles and shades are in harmonious tints.

A pair of long curtains suspended from a pole and allowed to hang in straight folds at each side of a tall, narrow window or door, make it look still more attentuated. But drape one curtain in a festoon across the top, and to fall in jabot folds down half the length of one side, and you have added to the apparent height of either.



LEAF DOILY OR CUSHION COVER.

A transparent mirror-glass, recently introduced in Germany, reflects light on one side from which it is practically opaque, while from the other side it is transparent. It is especially designed for use in city residences that are placed close to the street, or where for any other reason it is desired to prevent outsiders from seeing into a room.

A handsome luncheon-cloth is of plain, round threaded linen, not damasked. The edge is finished a two-inch hemstitched hem, and fine linen lace crocheted in the well-known crazy pattern, the latter five inches deep.

Colors for Rooms.

A man who has given this subject much thought has laid down a few rules which are worth thinking about. Yellows are all right for a hall or vestibule, but they must not be used in any room in which one rests or reads or works. Why? Because yellows do not absorb any light, but are strong reflectors, and the reflected rays of light are not only trying to the eyes, but positively affect the brain and the spirits, causing a distinct disturbance of the nervous centers. On the other hand, buffs and creams are recommended for the nursery and children's sleeping-rooms, because of their tonic qualities. They are better than white, which is apt to disturb the young optic nerves by its brilliancy, and are calculated to impart a cheerful but not too boisterous temperament as well as a good complexion to the youngsters. For the library or work room there is no color like coffee. Coffee, in fact, is the most soothing thing in the color world, it seems. It induces a pleasant nirvana feeling, such as nothing else does, it conduces to habits of speculative thought; it produces a philosophical calm, and it is eminently successful as a mild incentive to literary efforts.

I used to imagine that there was no color so cool as white, but I have been taught that, to the contrary, the coolest of all colors is red—not the flaring, glaring red, but the dull Pompeiian red, and terra-cotta. These are cool because of their peculiar absorbent qualities. Of course, you know I am speaking all the time of interior decoration, although I am not sure whether a terra-cotta town would not be considerably cooler than a whitewashed one. So you see the old Pompeiians were right when they cooled off their atria and patios by painting the town red. The only other color which approaches Pompeiian red for coolness is dark green, but it has been found to have so depressing a mental effect on most people that it is very sparingly used.

The Two Little Stockings.

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fire-place, broad and wide.
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho! ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one:
I know who dwells in this house, my dear;
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney-place
And measured a sock, with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low, like a bird about.
"Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specs close up to his eyes,
And read the address, in a child's rough plan,
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's; I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
"God bless you, darling," he said, with a sigh,
Then softly he blew through the chimney high,
A note, like a bird's when it soar's on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth's portals.
"Hurry up!" said Saint Nick, "and neely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in,
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild!"
The wind caught the words and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky,
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good-will" with him everywhere.

— Sara Keables Hunt.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH GIRLS.

BY BETTY BRIERLY.

HAVE you all your Christmas presents for friends about ready by this time, my dear girls? If you have you can sit down and think thankfully that mother and father, brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles and cousins are all remembered. But there is one thing you ought to carefully consider, that girls, the wide world over, are careless about. Are the presents you have selected for your friends suitable? Are they what those to whom they are given need most or would like most? Or have you just decided upon what articles you could most conveniently give or easily make, without thinking that perhaps those for whom they are intended might better be presented with other things.

One of my girls dropped in to see me yesterday—Miss Hazel-Eyes, I call her. We had a little talk about Christmas, and she told me what presents she was going to give, and what she longed to receive.

"I know one thing I won't get from one of my friends, this year," she laughed, "and that is, a copy of Milton. You see she is a wealthy girl, and can afford to give her friends very expensive presents. About three years ago I received from her Milton's poems, beautifully bound. Of course I was delighted. Two years ago Christmas, I opened the parcel directed in her hand-writing, and there was Milton number two. Well, I thought it only natural, when she has so many people to think of, that she should make such a blunder as to give me the same thing twice in succession. So I did not say anything about the matter, only wrote her a nice little note of thanks. Last year, if you please, she sent me Milton number three. That was too much. So when she next came to see me, I brought out the three volumes and told her that of course they were beautiful books, but that I did feel as if she really could not care so much about me, or she would be more careful in selecting presents for me, and not give me the same thing every time. I said it gave me the impression that she felt she was obliged to give me something or other, so simply bought the first thing that came handy, and sent it to me without a thought as to whether it suited me or not. I told her that I would rather have a little hair-bag, made by herself, for that would show that she had thought of me, at least. She was very sweet about it, and we made up, but this year I don't think she will give me a gift from the stores but something made by her own nimble fingers."

Miss Hazel-Eyes laughed her pretty laugh again, and I felt glad I had heard the story, because I had myself intended to give her a copy of Milton this year.

But some of you will think, "Oh, I haven't the money to buy Miltons for my friends." That is true. Some of us can only give inexpensive gifts, but that does not matter as long as a great deal of love goes with them. A girl's true friend does not care so much for the value of the gift as much as the spirit in which it is given. A few of us, even, are obliged to make all our presents. But think how many dainty little trifles one can put together oneself. Pin cushions are always nice articles to give away, and there are so many pretty ways of making them. There are penwipers, slipper bags, photograph cases,—many useful and pretty things costing nothing but time. I know another girl who gave away eleven presents one Christmas, and spent only thirteen cents on them, and that was for baby ribbon with which to string together some sachet bags. Any girl can make presents if she will only think the subject over carefully, plan judiciously, and get other people to help her.

And something else, girls—never send away a Christmas present without writing a line to go with it. You don't know how much people appreciate a few words of loving remembrance. I am acquainted with the mother of two children. One is a successful business man, and the other a laughing, clumsy lad of fifteen. Last year she showed me her presents from them. The man sent her a beautiful silver tea service marked, "For Mother—Merry Christmas." The boy gave her a pair of slippers, three sizes too large, which he had worked himself, and with them was a blotted piece of paper bearing these words, "Dearest Mother, with all the love of my heart."

Ugly as the slippers were, she wore them and loved them on account of the affection the boy had given with them. Which gift, do you think, was really worth most?

You never can tell how much good a loving sentence may do, girls; not only written, but spoken too. And now let me wish you all a Merry Christmas and many of them.

The Brotherless Girl.

A GIRL without a brother is especially to be pitied. She is the girl who is never certain of getting the pleasures of life unless she is very attractive. Of course she has no brother who she is certain will take her everywhere; she is apt to get a little bit vain, for she has no brother to tell her, as only a brother will, of her faults and mistakes. It is only the somewhat doubtful tact of a brother that announces "I wouldn't walk up street with you in that frock," and the girl whose brother says this to her may be certain that he is only expressing the opinion of other girls' brothers. He may not do it in the most gentle way, but he does tell the truth, and if you ask him why paying a visit to another girl is more desirable than to one you know, he will sit down and look at you, and then he will say: "Well, you see, it is just this way: From the time you get there she is a nice girl who gives you a pleasant welcome and yet doesn't gush over you. She is entertaining, and yet she has a fashion of putting down nasty gossip or silly talk among whoever is there. She is a restful sort of girl, she is not always wanting to do something that tires you half to death and where the game isn't worth the candle, and when she says good-by to you, you feel certain that she is pretty glad you came, and that she will be glad to see you another time, but that she doesn't look upon you as the one and only man in the world;" that is the kind of a description that the brotherless girl can't get. Then she doesn't hear of men that a fellow would rather not have his sister go with, and she is very apt, poor dear to make a few little mistakes. Probably the wisest course for her to pursue is for her to choose as her most intimate friend a girl who has a wise brother; then she can reap the benefit of his counsel.

A Christmas Wish to my Girls.

I want every girl among you to have the happiest, merriest, most blessed Christmas day that can ever be made. I want that which you think should come unto her should be hers. I want her to be my girl, and you know my girl is one who, while she has her proper pride, still forgiveth much and will overlook and count as vain the trifles of life—the miserable mean little trifles that make life unhappy if you let them. The tiny, tiny little speck that eats up the beautiful peach. I want her to have a year full of joy and happiness, I want her to think of the mistakes of last year and be careful enough not to let them happen again. Like me, she may have had illness come unto her, long, tiresome and painful. Like me, she may have seen the angel of death come in the door and take away the little white blossom that was there, but like me I want her to resolve that with the sorrows have come joys, with grief there has been merriment, and that now we both intend to do the very best we can, taking for our Christmas motto, "There is always a star, that one of Bethlehem, ahead."

Corn.

There is a plant you often see
In gardens and in fields:
Its stock is straight, its leaves are long,
And precious fruit it yields.

The fruit when young, is soft and white,
And closely wrapped in green,
And tassels hang from every ear,
Which children love to glean.

But when the tassels fade away,
The fruit is ripe and old;
It peeps from out the wrapping dry,
Like beads of yellow gold.

The fruit when young, we boil and roast,
When old, we grind it well.
Now think of all the plants you know,
And try its name to tell.

To Kriss.

Jolly old Kriss, what a fellow you are!
Riding all over the world in the air,
Sliding down chimneys through ashes and smoke;
Fur-covered Kriss, you're a regular joke.

How do you manage to carry such loads?
How do you manage to keep the right roads?
How do you know all the good girls and boys?
Why don't we wake, with your clatter and noise?

How can you guess what we all would like best?
How can you please all the birds in the nest?
Kriss, don't you ever get mixed on the toys,
And fill the girl's stockings with playthings for boys?

Oh! what a hurry you have to be in
As soon as your labors of Christmas begin!
What are you doing the rest of the year?
Sleeping, I s'pose, with your little reindeer.

Oh! how I'd like to know true if you look
Jolly and fat, like the one in the book;
I'd keep awake, but I know that you stay,
When children are watching, quite out of the way.

Kriss, when to-night you come round with a whirl,
Don't forget Bessie, the washwoman's girl;
Bring something pretty, for last year, you know,
That was a chimney where you didn't go.

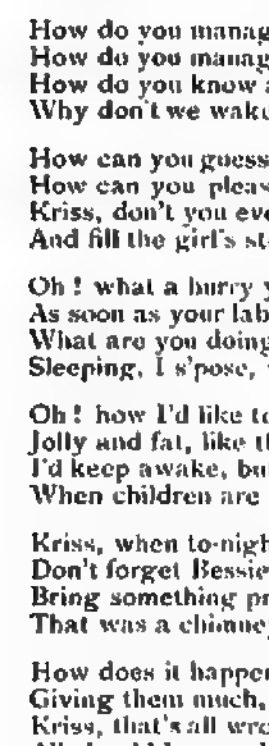
How does it happen you like the rich best,
Giving them much, and forgetting the rest?
Kriss, that's all wrong, and it isn't the way;
All should be equal on Santa Claus' day.

Kriss, good old Kriss, I'm afraid you'll be mad;
I was just joking, don't put me down bad.
If Bessie's ma's chimney is crooked or small,
Never mind going to Bessie's at all.

Bring up her playthings and put them with mine,
Tied with a separate paper and twine,
As soon as it's day, poor, sick Bessie I'll see,
And give her the package you leave here with me.

WHY SANTA CLAUS' BEARD IS WHITE.

A LEGEND: BY M. A. BIRD.



SANTA Claus' babyhood which was long long ago, while still many good and worthy folk believed wood-sprites lived in the holes of trees, witches in caves, and dwarfs deep down under earth, there lived in far Germany, on one of the lesser mountains of the Harz, a miner, with his wife and seven children.

Deep down in the bosom of the mountains was the mine. Here the father had worked each day from morn to night to feed, even scantily his wife and children. At last came a season of great dearth. The miner fell sick. Sadly his wife hung out of sight his leather work-suit.

The cold winter with its cruel grasp stole down from the mountain tops; still the miner lay sick; still the dearth of food throughout the little town; nowhere a mouthful to spare. The birds in the trees lived and were merry. Must the little children starve? Who had done it? "I tell you, it's the Gubich, king of dwarfs, who spoiled the crops last year. I know his pranks, curse him," said the oldest of the miners. "Who in summer steals all the raspberries and strawberries? He never eats aught else, and has lived like a prince in his rocky cavern up there among the holy firs, ever since the old giant threw these mountains out of his shoe because the bit of sand hurt him. I tell you, the Gubich can make us sick with a glance, touch or breath. Save me from going near his home! Yet they say the cones off his trees are good to eat, and can be made into wondrous pretty things which sell well in the town below us. Starve or touch them? Starve, I say!"

"Dear husband," said the patient wife, "thou knowest the holy firs: I go to gather their cones. I will sell them and buy the food which will make thee well. Children, care for thy father while I am gone."

Quickly throwing a shawl over her head and taking a basket on her arm, out into the gathering coldness of the coming night stepped the mother. The winds shook the alders at the cottage door until they nodded and peeped at the windows. It roughly rattled the dried foliage of the stately oaks, whose sacredness to the gods the elements were thought to respect, and then died away among the pines in a soft sad music, that brought tears to the mother's eyes. It was like the moan the bairns made for bread. The tears broke into a sob; half-blinded, with bent head, she reached the edge of the holy forest.

Pityingly, out from his bed of clouds, the setting sun glanced warm and tender. He shot his

SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE.

parting rays among the firs, and filled their deep shadows with a cheerful glow. Suddenly, into the marked pathway of his light, stepped a little man with snowy beard, who gravely doffed his leathern cap and waited for the sad mother to reach him.

"Good woman, what ail'st thou? Why so sad?" broke upon her startled ear.

"Oh, sir, I mean no harm. My children starve; my husband never again will be well. I cannot see them ask each day for bread and give them none. I go to gather cones. Do let me pass and fill my basket."

"I would harm thee not, my friend," said the little man. "And knowest thou where the best cones can be found? Follow the path a hundred feet, and there they can be gathered with"—but the mother was on her way. A knowing look, a caress of his white beard, a sniff of the perfumed forest air, and the little man had vanished.

With glad feet the mother hurried on. Not a sound but the dropping of the cones broke the stillness of the forest. Faster and thicker they seemed to fall at each onward step. A perfect storm of cones. They dropped upon her head: they fell at her feet; they pelted her shoulders; they filled her basket. Frightened, the poor woman turned and fled, glancing neither to the right nor left. Heavier and heavier the basket grew. Breathless and exhausted she reached her cottage door.

The mothor entered and quickly barred the door. "Husband, husband, think what has happened! On the edge of the holy forest I met a little man with snowy beard, who told me where to gather the best cones. I hurried to find them, but the farther I went the faster the cones fell from the firs. They came about my head as thick as snow-flakes in mid-winter, yet the trees shook not. I was afraid and did not stop to pick up one; but some fell in my basket, and here they are."

"Hist, wife! Look, look thou! They are pure silver. It's the Gubich thou hast met."

Down the basket dropped. Around it grouped the mother and children. True, there lay the cones, silver every one, gleaming in the firelight as had the beard of the little man in the golden glow of the sun.

The morrow's sun had tipped the graceful firs with gold, when again the mother stood at the edge of the forest. In a moment the Gubich was before her. "Good-morrow, good soul! Founds't thou not beautiful cones yester-eve?" And a laugh rang through the forest. The mother struggled to speak. "Keep thy thanks, I wish them not" continued the Gubich. "Be thou only faithful to thy husband's words, and each cold December give to me and my dear firs a loving thought to keep our hearts warm. Now hie thee home."

Not more quickly speeds the wind than the mother home again; not more happy are the birds than were the hearts in the miner's home that day. By night nowhere a hungry soul on the "beautiful Hirbichenstein."

Dear Santa Claus—ever since, thy beard's been white as snow!

Dear Christmas joy—ever since, madly the Harz maidens dance round the graceful firs.

"Do Right," is a condensed Golden Rule and sound business maxim. If followed, it will bring you fortune and peace of mind.

At Christmas Time.

At Christmas time the fields are white
And hill and valley all bedight
With snowy splendor, while on high
The black crows sail athwart the sky,
Mourning for summer days gone by,
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time the air is chill
And frozen lies the babbling rill;
While sobbingly the trees make moan
For leafy greenness once their own,
For blossoms dead and birdlings flown,
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time we deck the hall
With holly branches brave and tall,
With sturdy pine and hemlock bright,
And in the yule-log's dancing light
We tell old tales of field and fight,
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time we pile the board
With flesh and fruit and vintage stored,
And 'mid the laughter and the glow,
We tread a measure soft and slow,
And kiss beneath the mistletoe
At Christmas time.

O God, and Father of us all,
List to thy lowliest creature's call,
Give of thy joy to high and low,
Comfort the sorrowing in their woe,
Make wars to cease and love to grow
At Christmas time.

Let not one heart be sad to-day,
May every child be glad and gay,
Bless thou thy children great and small,
In lowly hut or castle hall,
And may each soul keep festival
At Christmas time.

Our Christmas Dinner.

MANY housekeepers in moderate circumstances have, by dint of long practice, succeeded in becoming adepts in the preparations of a variety of side dishes which prove very desirable additions to the daily bill of fare.

At this time especially the frugal housewife is greatly taxed to devise a method whereby the all important dinner may be generously sprinkledwith the spice of novelty.

Well-to-do people who have heretofore felt that it was necessary to have an elaborate menu for the Christmas dinner, have eagerly signified their willingness to curtail the expenses in that line and devote the money thus saved to relieving the pressing wants of those less fortunate than themselves. In consequence of this decision old-fashioned dinners will be the rule in many families, and we venture to predict that each and every member of the family, as well as "the stranger within their gates," can partake heartily of the wholesome, well-prepared viands without fear that their dreams will be disturbed by the mischievous goblins whose grotesque antics prove a constant nightmare to the dyspeptic who eats even a moderate quantity of the rich and highly seasoned food that comprises the stereotyped feast of modern times. In the good old times it was the custom to begin the Christmas feast with oysters and celery. Cranberry sauce flanked the roast turkey, the sweet cider stood along the table in stone jugs, while baked chicken, pork and beans occupied places of honor on the table. Baked sweet potatoes, stewed corn, stewed tomatoes and browned mashed potatoes, shared the "reaching places" on the table with apple, mince and pumpkin pies and doughnuts. Apples, nuts and coffee closed the feast.

Bread Filling.

Slice all the crust from the loaf of stale bread, cut the loaf into small, square pieces. Fill a bowl with the cut bread, then add one large onion which has previously been fried in butter, two well-beaten eggs, chopped parsley, a small pinch of sage, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, pepper and salt to taste. Pour a cupful of boiling water over the bread and set aside to steam.

The Christmas Turkey.

Select a young fowl with firm white flesh,singe off every particle of hair, then immerse the turkey in warm water and scrub the flesh with a small brush kept for the purpose, rinse in cold water. Draw out the entrails slowly, as undue haste in removing the various parts may break the gaul sack, which is sure to impair the flavor of the bird. When the turkey is thoroughly cleaned soak in salt water for fifteen minutes, dry with a clean towel and fill with the prepared bread. Tie the legs and wings close to the body, place the fowl in a pan containing about a pint of cold water, sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper and roast in a moderately hot oven. A turkey weighing eight pounds should remain in the oven at least two hours. Baste frequently.

Cranberry Sauce.

Pick out the specked berries. To one quart of the fruit add a gill of water, put them in a saucepan and boil for fifteen minutes over a very hot fire. Strain the berries through a sieve, using a wooden spoon to stir them, add five ounces of granulated sugar to the juice and boil briskly for five minutes. Pour into molds and set aside to cool.

Baked Sweet Potatoes.

There is an art in baking potatoes which if once acquired will never be forgotten. To avoid the "chippy" flavor, so often noticeable in baked potatoes, prepare as follows: Scrub the potatoes and rinse in clean, cold water, cut off the ends and bake in a brisk oven for half an hour.

Stewed Corn.

There are many ways of preparing corn, but the following method makes it more appetizing than when prepared by any other recipe: Open the can early in the day so that the gas can have an opportunity to evaporate. Put the corn into an agate or earthen saucepan, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Mix a small quantity of corn starch in half a cup of milk, pour over the corn and stir gently for three minutes. Add salt when ready to serve, otherwise the milk will curdle.

Stewed Tomatoes.

Tomatoes should be cooked for at least an hour. Frequent stirring improves them. Cornstarch used to thicken the tomatoes is preferable to bread crumbs, as the latter are liable to become soggy. To prevent an insipid flavor, add a teaspoonful of sugar, a good-sized lump of butter, pepper and salt.

Baked Beans.

Soak a quart of marrowfats for three or four hours, put them in an earthen pot, place half a pound of lean salt pork in the centre, add a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of soda and three tablespoonfuls of molasses or brown sugar; bake in amoderate oven for six or seven hours. When done, remove the pork, place in the centre of a deed platter and pour the beans around it Ornament the dish with parsley or the tops of celery.

Pastry.

One cup of butter and an equal quantity of ard will make sufficient crust for three good ized pies. The pastry will be more wholesome if a teaspoonful of baking powder is added. Form a hollow in the center of one quart of flour in which place the lard and butter, add half a teaspoonful of salt and work in the flour with a knife. When the ingredients are thoroughly mixed pour on sufficient cold water to make a moderately soft dough. Put away in a cool place until needed.

Apple Pie.

To make an old-fashioned apple pie, pare six tart apples, cut into pieces the size of a hickory nut, pile up on a plate previously lined with pastry, sprinkle with sugar, grate nutmeg over the top, add a tablespoonful of cold water, coat with a thin upper crust and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven.

Mince Pie.

Put into a vessel two ounces of Sultana and three ounces of Malaga raisins, one ounce of finely-chopped citron, two ounces of well-chopped cold boiled beef, and two ounces of beef suet, also chopped very fine. Mix the whole together for five minutes, then add one ounce of powdered sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, one drachm of ground cinnamon, and mix together for one minute. Peel, core and chop up very fine three large, sound apples, add them to the preparation, then pour in half a gill each of brandy and sherry wine, mixing again for three minutes. Arrange the pastry on the pie plate, pour the mixture in the centre, flattening it evenly and leaving an inch space clear around the edge of the plate. Take about five ounces of paste, roll it out round-shaped, fold it in two, and with a knife make incisions in the centre of half an inch each. Moisten lightly the edge of the plate with a little beaten egg, then cover with the paste, pressing down with the hand all around the edge, so as to enclose the preparation entirely. Then moisten the surface lightly with the beaten egg. Place in a moderate oven and let bake for fifty minutes, remove it to the oven door, sprinkle plenty of powdered sugar over, return to the oven, closing the door for two minutes so that the sugar melts entirely. Then slide the pie onto a desert plate and serve either hot or cold.

Marble Cake.

NEW and simple way to make a good looking marble cake is to make a silver cake mixture using all whites and no nutmeg. Divide this into two equal parts, let one part remain plain, placing it in the cake tin, which you are supposed to have ready prepared, and level it. The other part divide into three equal parts. Color one part pink, another yellow, another brown with chocolate. Place these three colored parts into three separate paper cones, fold them up and cut the ends off to leave an opening a little over a quarter of an inch in diameter. Take one of the cones, push the end into the mixture in the tin and force out the contents of the cone, moving it about so as to traverse the whole area of the plain part. When this cone is used, take another and use it in like manner, also the other, and last, one. The cake is now ready to bake. When you cut this cake, you will find this method gives a very superior cake, as the different colors worked in in the manner described give a better effect as to marble appearance than can be obtained by the old plan of dropping in the different colors. This cake may be iced on the bottom in three colors of icing; white, yellow, brown. Put on in alternate lines, then placing a clean comb on it and giving the comb a twist round and repeating it until the whole top of the cake has been so treated. This gives you marble inside and out.

THE SEASON'S STYLES.

The styles for the winter are now an accepted fact, and it is needless to say are more becoming than ever. Common sense has at last consented to join hands with fashion, or fashion with common sense more properly speaking, and the result is sensible and at the same time charming. Owing to the continuance in fashion of the very large sleeves, many will adhere to the full capes. The styles in these are many and varied, some being cut with a collar in double points, while others have a stole. The trimming is the most important part of the capes. Jet, passementerie, quilled velvet, feathers and fur are among the materials to select.

Coats are shorter than last year, with fitted backs and loose fronts. Sleeves of the large gigot style, cut in sections and corded with velvet or made entirely plain. While some garments are quite heavily braided, those of the more elegant materials are made up very plain, the trimming depending entirely on the very large buttons.

The cloth is stitched with a cut raw edge, the sleeves corded with velvet, and a cord finish upon the sleeve and pockets. While this can be worn as a suit jacket, it is serviceable as well to wear with other dresses.

Hats and bonnets are, as usual, of many shapes. For ordinary wear, the cloth tam-o-shanter in plain and plaid goods is found in all the stores. They are very serviceable for all the young people. Care should be taken not to wear the plaid ones with too many other colors.

Felt hats, with soft velvet crowns, are on sale for better wear, and are worn alike by young and old.

The tiny skeleton bonnets of jet, rhine-stones, buckles, a few aigrettes and flowers still continue.

The large hat is still with us, and the profuse arrangement of black ostrich-plumes which form the trimming is like nothing so much as a funeral hearse; and while only black, yet it makes a very conspicuous toilet.

The newest models of separate waists have a coat frill below a satin ribbon belt, but there are also many completed by the ribbon belt. One feature in both styles is their very great fulness, the back usually being in one piece, shirred across under the belt, while the top is quite plain on the shoulders. These plain shoulders are covered with a collar of great size falling low on the immense sleeves. The fronts are less drooping in blouse fashion than formerly, but have fulness on the shoulders either in gathers or box-pleats, and open on a V-shaped vest of lace or open embroidery laid over white or yellow satin, or of lady's cloth or velvet. Still others have a much more draped effect in front, crossing in festoons or in surplus fashion, or else with a square of silk, having one point high on the bust, then caught in folds around the waist, two corners being lengthened as a belt. Stock-collars are made extremely high and full, usually of the material of the plastron, with a little ruffle of the waist material at the top, or a band of fur, or a wide frill of lace drooping lowest on the sides. Buckles are more used than choux to fasten belts.

Chiffon of unusual shades, of green, of brown, and of purplish red, is used for very elaborate waists. It is made up in accordion pleats, and is trimmed with points, tabs, or a collar of white and black lace embroidered with jet and rhinestone.

Some fancy waists for evening wear have flounces of old-fashioned white blonde lace made up over white Brussels net fully puffed on a fitted silk lining. These are high in the neck and belted, and have half-long sleeves. Sometimes the top has a Pompadour square of gold net let in, and there are clusters of jet rain-fringe of great length falling below on the lace flounce. Two deep flounces of this thin light lace cover the sleeves. The stock-collar is of lace, and the belt with sash bow and ends in the back is of Dresden ribbon in stripes of light colors, as pale green and mauve, together strewn with little Dresden bouquets. Most such waists are hooked in the back so that the front may be in one piece.

The fashion of using wide lace in gathered ruffles is superseding that of the very narrow edgings, as of yellow Valenciennes. A deep gathered ruffle or bib of lace, or a cravat with two fully trimmed lace ends, is again in great favor, and is a simple way of trimming up plain dress waists, as well as of arranging bits of unused lace. A frill of lace three or four inches wide droops over the top of a collarband of satin ribbon and finishes the wrist of sleeves otherwise untrimmed. A stock and wristbands of fur are similarly trimmed with lace.

FRONT OF RECEPTION GOWN.

RECEPTION GOWN WITH NEW SKIRT WITH BOX-PLEATED BACK.

The Month's Illustrations.

The designs for December are carefully chosen and illustrate the many prevailing fashions in evening dresses, tailor suits, capes, coats, etc.

Reception Gown with New Skirt with Box-Pleated Back.

Electric-blue silk is the material of the gown illustrated, trimmed with iridescent passementerie with blue and green beads and spangles, and with a collar and belt of blue mirror velvet. The round waist has three tapering box-pleats at the back and front, partly covered with passementerie, and bands of passementerie are carried down the skirt—two long ones at the back, and two shorter at the front. The new skirt, of six breadths, six yards and three-quarters wide, has a broad tapering double box-pleat at the back.

Carriage and Reception Gown.

This is an elaborate Jenness Miller creation of iridescent mohair and miroir velvet. It is a trimmed Princess costume of the dressiest order and nowhere have we better shown how the original Princess model lends itself artistically to correct treatment. The vest and edgings on the deep collar are of Persian lamb, stripped with jet. The collar is embroidered with jet, and the sleeves and wide belt that is used in the front of the bodice are of miroir velvet. A novel effect is shown at the top of the skirt's front breath by the insertion of a point of pale green satin. The same pale, lovely color-tone is shown between the bands of jet embroidery that cover the seams. The deep collar finishes at the back in shawl ends. It is lined with the pale green satin, and so are the turn-back cuffs. The sailor collar is of duchesse lace.

High Collar of Black Satin.

The "Fixins" nowadays amount to more than the dress itself, and in the above collar, and also in the design at the top of third column page 22, jet and feather trimmings are pictured,

VELVET SQUARE-NECKED GOWN.

two of the most appropriate and dainty designs in winter lingerie.

Tea-Gown of Cashmere Figured Velveteen.

This graceful robe is elaborate in its fulness and richness of fabric. The sleeves are what is known as shawl draped and are close fitting below the elbow. A shallow rounded yoke or rather collarette is trimmed with a full quilling of crepe lisse while a double frill of the same dainty trimming edges the neck. The back of the gown has the modern watteau pleat.

Black Velvet Reception Gown.

A black velvet reception gown is relieved of undue sombreness by a dressy little square necked guimpe bodice with a short waved basque on the sides, divided at the front and back; this basque is added under a belt of cashmere figured ribbon with a long sash bow at the back, a flaring bow of the same ribbon adorning the back of the collar. The bodice is box-pleated in at the front and back, with bretelles of open jet passementerie, from which jet festoons spread over the sleeve puffs. The square neck is filled in with a gathered guimpe and stock of pink mousseline de soie. The sleeve puffs are banded at the elbow, with flaring divided frills below.

Coat with Double Collar and Revers.

On page 23 is pictured a pretty array of coats and capes. In the first column is a very stylish model cut with a double collar and revers and trimmed with velvet upon the collar and cuffs. The buttons used upon this are very large, white pearl.

Blue Cloth Cape with Soutache Braid.

This dark blue cloth cape is almost covered with black soutache braiding. The close standing collar is edged with a fold of black velvet.

Gray Corduroy Tailor Gown.

A gray corduroy tailor gown, has a short basque with pointed front and coat-tail back

HIGH COLLAR OF BLACK SATIN WITH OSTRICH TRIMMING.

headed by two buttons, the front lapping over and fastening with two similar buttons on the left shoulder. The front of the skirt is similarly lapped and buttoned to the left, over two peaks that are let in on that side.

Young Girl's Evening Cape.

This dainty little wrap is just the latest style for young ladies to don at afternoon and evening musicales.

A Handsome Box Coat.

The stylish model pictured in the third column of page 23 has several novel features notably the high wide revers and gauntlet cuff: The seams are all overlapped with inch wide strips of goods stitched firmly on. The upper sleeve is the prevailing melon shape, while the sailor collar is a novel departure for a winter style, but which adds a charming piquancy to this stylish garment.

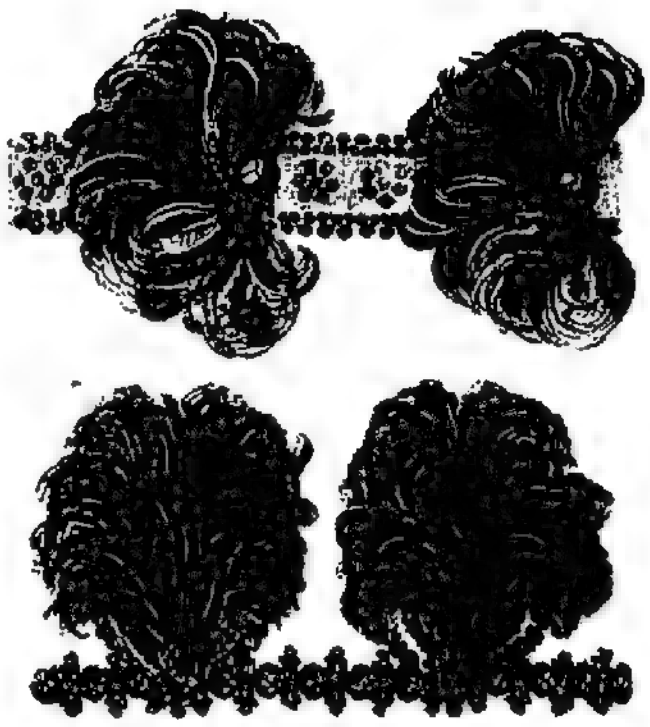
Fur Coats and Jackets.

Though relegated to a second place by many, there are others who prefer coats and jackets for fur garments. These are now limited to Persian lamb and seal-skin. They have immense

TEA-GOWN OF CASHMERE—FIGURED VELVETEEN.

sleeves, each made of four skins, and the armholes are enlarged as much as is consistent with a good fit, yet it is still a struggle to get into fur jackets unless one wears a silk waist with soft crushable sleeves. Plain untrimmed jackets are most often bought, while those of previous seasons are modernized by combining with chinchilla, black marten, or sable, used as revers, epaulettes, or a collarette. Bordering of another fur is seldom seen. The gayest porcelain buttons decorated with Watteau figures and framed in rhinestone are used in pairs just at the waist-line where the revers start. Double-breasted jackets of seal-skin have two rows of large tortoise-shell buttons with eyes down the front.

Twenty-four inches is the popular length of seal-skin jackets that have straight double breasted fronts with wide pointed revers that may be covered with the same velvety seal or with chinchilla. The back is closely but easily fitted to the waist-line and is very full below. A turned-over collar matches the revers. The



JET AND FEATHER TRIMMINGS.

immense sleeves are pleated into the armholes as if they were of the most pliable cloth, having a broad box pleat on top to give the long-shouldered effect, and folded in three fan pleats each side. The lining is of brown brocade. This jacket, made entirely of seal-skin, comes in three lengths.

Large Muffs.

The Marie Antoinette muff is the extreme novelty of the moment. It is more than a yard in width, is quite soft, and is perfectly flat, the ends being left open instead of being drawn together. The arms can be thrust in it up to the elbow, though it is too widely open to be very warm. It is mostly made in sable or other costly furs.

All muffs are larger, and the round muff of increased size with a fur lining will be most comfortable and probably most popular. A large round muff and collar of fox bleute will give an attractive finish to black and dark colored costumes, as its blue-gray shades contrast well with many of the prevailing colors for cloth and

CARRIAGE AND RECEPTION GOWN.

velvet gowns. Fluffy furs are most effective in muffs of the new large sizes, but Persian lamb and seal-skin muffs are similarly made.

Fur-Trimmed Garments.

Among comfortable and very chic garments to wear when coaching, sleighing, and in open carriages are driving coats of light tan-colored box-cloth with trimming and lining of black bear-skin. These are long redingotes covering the wearer from neck to foot. The easily fitted back has no seam down the middle of the waist, and the straight front is double breasted. All the seams are strapped with inch-wide bands of cloth stitched on. The front only has the lining of bear-skin, which extends up in a revers collar. As the back is always sat upon, a lining of satin is sufficient. The sleeves are of great size.

COAT WITH DOUBLE COLLAR AND REVERS.

While young ladies delight in these great coats, those more elderly are provided with large long capes of black matelesse silk with a collar of black-marten fur. They are warmly lined throughout with black jennette-skins. For them are also immense circular cloaks of the richest black brocades, cut long and extremely full, and lined with gray fur made entirely of the backs of squirrels. These are furnished with a fur-lined hood hooked about the throat, and of a new shape, far more graceful and becoming than any yet seen.

Purses and Card-Cases.

Of all a woman's belongings none is more necessary than her purse or pocketbook, and next to this her belt bag, since the fiat has gone forth that the fashionable dame is no longer to be allowed her good old-time pocket in her gown.

This season is introducing something quite new in the way of bags and portemonnaies, those made from Mitylene morocco, which are of a rough finish; or those styled the empire ecrasse, with a smooth, shiny surface.

The colors most in vogue for these modish articles are dark blue, green and brown as the basis, these solid lines being mottled over with pale blue, yellow or clouded white; for instance, a brown pocketbook is speckled over with yellow flecks, a dark green one with dull white.

The largest size of pocketbook is designed for holding bills, change and visiting cards, and is long with square corners. This is plain, merely ornamented with a minature notch in one corner, or elaborately trimmed with colonial gold mountings. This gilt is dull and rich, and is patterned in exquisite designs of scroll work or arabesque. A second size is smaller but similar in all other respects.

The purse is smaller still and different in form. It comes in two or three sizes and is somewhat less expensive than the pocketbook. Across the top it is straight, curving below. The flap is

BLUE CLOTH CAPE WITH SOUTACHE BAIDING.

also oval and is decorated in colonial gold, a favorite manner being a wide band headed by a narrow gold beading.

The card case is a square oblong and is mounted at its corners in dull gold or has the narrow beading running entirely around it.

GRAY CORDUROY TAILOR GOWN.

The masculine members of society are not forgotten, their pocketbooks being extra large, their card holders extra small. The latter are tall and thin and have a long, slender flap ornamented in gold, which falls forward and prevents the cards from escaping.

YOUNG GIRL'S EVENING CAPES

A unique little purse is of brown smooth leather, and is twisted into shape like a wheel. It is fastened with a little silver clasp, and when the owner has taken out her change the dainty conceit whirls itself back into shape and lies smooth and flat.

Morocco in all colors is greatly favored, the alligator and lizard skins being somewhat relegated to the back-ground.

The bel:-bags of Mitylene and empire ecrasse are striking and handsome, and will be chosen to wear with modish gowns of cloth and richer stuffs. They have colonial gold mountings, or are finished in silver or their own morocco.

Seal and lizard bags are still displayed, but those of morocco or elephant's hide are to be the rage, as that leather has reached the zenith this

ONE OF THIS SEASON'S STYLES.

fall and is shown on every hand, designed for every purpose.

Oddities in Fashion.

Fine gros-grain silk with a larger floral design is a new material for the fashionable Louis XIV. coats. In many of the gowns being made it is used in preference to brocade. The floral design is always large and conventional. Three or four colors are introduced against a delicate back-ground.

* * *

Extremes in fashion are the vogue this year. The new belts illustrate this. To be a fashionable young person one must either wear a belt of black silk elastic satin or velvet measuring six inches in width and fastened with a deep, conspicuous buckle, or the belt must be of leather measuring but one inch. These odd-looking leather belts have just appeared in the shops and are attracting much attention. The most exclusive as well as the most expensive come in elephant's hide, white seal and a peculiar shade of green leather.

* * *

Odd evening waists to wear with satin or brocade skirts are always in demand. What the modiste calls a simple little waist for a this season's bud is a baby affair of white chiffon and fine lace over faint pink silk. It is cut square and rather low in the neck and is out-lined with a narrow band of sable, which falls in three tails over the blouse corsage. The sleeves are voluminous puff of the chiffon, with its lace insertion. They reach nearly to the elbow and are made over a foundation of pink silk. Tabs of pink velvet shirred and then edged with lace fall over the top of each sleeve in epaulette fashion. The shirred velvet is also used to form a rather narrow waist band.

Rocking the Baby.

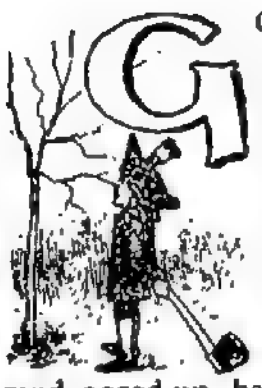
I hear her rocking the baby
  Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
  In the "baby bye" she hums.
I can see the restless fingers
  Playing with "mamma's rings,"
And the sweet little smiling, pouting mouth,
  That to her in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
  And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,
  Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss
  On its eyes and cheeks and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
  I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us,
  She was rocking on my heart?
While my empty arms are aching
  For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
  In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,
  In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a tear in silence
  At a mother's broken shrine,
For a woman who rocks the baby
  In the room just next to mine.

My Boy.

BY ALICE CAMERON.



GOING down street not long ago my friend and I met a boy. "Isn't he sweet?" she asked, to which I unhesitatingly answered "No." The next block further down we came upon another edition of boyhood. This one standing in the gutter barefooted, with such a look of exultation on his rosy face when the soft mud oozed up between his bare toes that I was obliged to notice it, and forthwith horrified my friend by saying, "Isn't he sweet?" So at the risk of being totally at variance with all the rest of the civilized world, I am of the opinion that Little Lord Fauntleroy is directly responsible for more downright misery among our diminutive specimens of manhood than any other of the misfortunes which have influenced them, not especially from the premature moral development of that picturesque prodigy, but from the cut of his clothes—no, not that exactly, but rather, on the whole, from his general make-up.

I met my neighbor's boy the other day and scarcely recognized him in the queer metamorphosis which he had lately undergone. A long sash was dangling around his thin legs, which were incased in silk stockings; a close-fitting blouse with immense cuffs of lace and an uncomfortably wide collar, was surmounted by the unhappiest-looking boy's face I have seen for many a day. A little cap was set back on his head to show his bangs, and the rest of his hair bore emphatic protest to either curling-iron or kid curlers, as it would only twist and not curl.

I have much sympathy for that poor boy whose doting mamma arrayed him in all the glory of Solomon, and kept him in the house for fear he would become rude and masculine. A guest at the house asked him what he intended to be when he became a man, and the sad response was, "I am not sure, but I think mamma intends me to be a lady." Now, my boy is a girl, and I am so tired of frills and ruffles and girlish adjuncts to a toilet that if I am ever blessed with a boy to clothe he shall have genuine boyish garb. Be his hair ever so curly, he shall visit the barber very often, and shall never have his boyish heart well-nigh broken by the taunts and jeers of his more fortunate schoolmates, as they call him "goody-girl and curly-headed sissy." Despite the fact that muddy March is not deemed the proper season, he shall play marbles even then to his heart's content; yes, even keeps if he likes, though his knees do come through his stockings, his knuckles grow calloused and grimy, and his finger and thumb nails worn to the quick.

He shall have a bicycle, if he does tumble off and endanger his head, for what man's head is worth much that has not been endangered hundreds of times? He shall have rubber boots to wade through snow and mud and slush, and I am sure that will be his chief delight if there is anything in inheritance, for I confess to a hidden insatiable desire to wade in every puddle of water I see, and am only deterred by consideration for the very respectable neighborhood in which I live. In summer he shall do without the boots, stub his toes and be happy with that deep, deep contentment which comes only to the heart of a boy who has two or three toes tied up. He is to fly kites and have all the forlorn pets which boyhood craves, even though to accomplish it a menagerie, on a small scale, has to be started in the back yard. As he grows older he may go fishing and own a gun, not an old one that is liable to go off at any time, but one of a good, reliable manufacture, and after teaching him its proper use I'll endeavor, with a cheerful heart, to let him go hunting, feeling that my duty is done, and put my trust in Providence to bring him back alive. If he loves me, respects and trusts me, as his truest friend, I shall not care a penny if he does not call me "Dearest," and shall really prefer that he call me Mother. He may do all these things—have all these things—but of frills, furbelows and Fauntleroy suits, not one. But then, as I told you before, my boy is a girl!

A Dainty Baby Carriage.

GAY, dainty carriages are things which all mothers like to possess and yet a nice one is as a rule, very expensive. One mother, however, succeeded so well in making a really handsome buggy at a comparatively small expense that a description of it may aid other mothers to achieve equally satisfactory results.

In the first place she bought at second-hand a plain, but well made willow carriage with easy springs. The body of this she had enamelled with French white enamel which gave a very handsome and lasting finish. This she succeeded in having done for two dollars. The next step was to upholster it anew. For this purpose she used cream white corduroy and did the work herself. It took time and some patience but was not really difficult. The edges were finished with cream white furniture gimp and the result was most encouraging. The strap of the buggy was covered with a full piece of white wash silk with a full bow and fringed ends tied in the middle. The parasol was a plain cream white sateen. A cover for this was made of fine white Swiss mull, accordion plaited and fastened at the top with a bow of the wash silk. The effect when done was exquisite and those friends to whom she confided the secret of its cost could scarcely believe that the total amount expended was but twelve dollars.

Keep Up With the Children.

THERE IS in every community a class of people who seem incapable of receiving any education outside of their own limited experience. Life runs along smooth enough for them until their children grow up and begin to look forward to something broader for themselves. Then the battle for supremacy begins in earnest. The child seems ungrateful to the mother and the mother seems tyrannous to the child.

It is very hard for a mother who has laid down precise ideas of how her life and belongings shall be arranged and finds that life fails to arrange itself according to her plans, to discover that her own daughter is one of the chief opponents of her ideas. And yet this is exactly what happens to the woman who fails to learn. Progression is a law of the universe, and one who attempts to retard its wheels is sure to be crushed beneath them. There is something pitiless in the power that so often carries the child so far beyond the parent.

A great deal has been said of the duty of children to their parents, when every thinking man and woman must recognize that the chief obligation is due from the parents to the children. One obligation is to keep abreast of the times with the child, so that the parent shall be a mentor in times of need—a safe, unfailing guide and companion; not an incubus. To do all this is to fulfill in the highest sense the trust which heaven has laid upon parents.

Toys for Children.

TOYS should not be selected at random. The needs of each child should be carefully considered, for toys, like books and other surroundings, help to form the character of our wee ones. The playthings need not be expensive, but must be something that can be used. I will only mention few, one or more of which would be a benefit to any family where there are little ones. At the very head of the list stands the blackboard and crayon. A small board to hang on the wall would cost $1, and will be found to be of ten times the value.

The dissected maps come next in our list. They can be bought in block form, or made by pasting a map cut from an old geography on pasteboard or stiff paper, and then, with a sharp knife, cutting the boundary lines between states and countries. There are few children who do not enjoy fitting them together, and they are thus taught position and boundary as no training will teach them except map drawing, and that is too near like school work to be play.

The tiny box of watercolors and colored crayon, with a little instruction, will train the child's eye to a harmony of coloring, and by having him copy familiar objects will open his eyes to the many wonders that surround him.

The set of garden tools is suitable for either boy or girl, and should not be omitted from the list.

The playhouse and playroom are greatly prized by the little ones, and in winter let them have one corner of the living room for their own. That corner is much more precious to them if shut out from the rest of the room by a screen or curtain.

The doll's house which is such a comfort to the little daughter, may be made in imitation of the more elegant one found in the toyshop by nailing

two shelves in a soap box. How much she will learn while furnishing it.

Many busy mothers complain of the extra work and litter the children's playthings make ; but if they are given a place to keep them and taught to put them away when through using, it will make them more orderly and save mothers many steps. If our boys and girls were given plenty of home work and home amusement there would not be so many weary looking mothers, but more happy homes and bright, intelligent young people.

Baby's Eyes.

EARLY application to books, so prevalent in this country, beginning in the nursery, is often less a tax upon the brain than on the eyes. The eye may be fitly compared to a camera. Noticehow neatly it is made, set in a bony frame, covered with the softest, smoothest surface, the lid armed with overlaping lashes, and furnishwithed clear, constant tears to washawaythedust. Just as the photographer has to move his camera nearer to or further from the sitter, raising, lowering, shifting until the image is correctly focused, so the eye with its muscles contracts or relaxes, admitting more or less light ; so the head or the object is brought closer or withdrawn until the proper position is attained. The mechanism is similar, but the eye is incomparably more delicate. It changes with disease, weakness, poverty of blood, too rapid growth, too great prominence, too constant or improper use. All these weaken the sight, tire muscles, disease the lids, and dullness, headaches and suffering result. The layman thinks nothing of slight eye troubles ; to the family physician, seldom able to fit glasses, the eyes do not appeal, and so the trouble steadily progresses.

Headache is rare in early childhood. When your little one has a headache which will not yield to the simple aperient, go to the nearest eye specialist or infirmary. Never allow the dislike of wearing glasses to interfere. Glasses of any description are preferable to the squinting, blinking, and chronic complaining, to say nothing of the injury that without them is sure to develop.

The slightest inflammation of the eyes of the new-born is, in the absence of correct treatment, fearfully dangerous, going rapidly on to blindness, but inflammation of the eyes or lids at any time is a matter calling for an able physician's skill.

The important points of hygiene for the eye, and those which parents can and should enforce are cleanliness and rest. Keep the eyes clean ; be sure the towel has not been used by others whose eyes are red or sore ; compel your child, from the time it gets its first picture book, to use its eyes only in a good light, in proper position and on clear print. Fitly enough, it is only the hurtful and often indecent rubbish that is now found in the blurry looking issues printed on half-sized paper with broken-faced type, more injurious indeed for the mind than for the eyes. You may be sure that when with proper light, type and distance, the child is uncomfortable, something is wrong. The dislike of school and study results often from poor sight. It is not always near or far sightedness ; refractive and muscular errors are far worse, and here is shown the wrong of applying at the various jewelry and optical goods stores for relief. Glasses so obtained are generally as far from correcting the sight as may be expected from the doubtful answers of the patient and the haste and ignorance of the clerk

PRESENT DAY SUPERSTITIONS.

Yellow garters are a talisman against spinster hood. This is especially true if they come from a bride.

If a dog howls in the dead of night some one is going to die. If he looks upward while howling, it means fire.

Hold the larger part of a wish-bone pulled apart by yourself and some one else and your wish will come true.

If a cat sneeze in the presence of a woman to be married on the next day she will be favored by good fortune.

Always enter and leave a house by the same door. To do otherwise is commonly considered to be very unlucky.

It's unlucky to have a hare lip. The old superstition runs that a person so afflicted is possessed with evil spirits.

Every bride should be wedded in "Something old and something new ; something borrowed and something blue."

Do you want to get married? Yes? Well, then, never sit on a table. It's an old superstition, but it holds good.

If two persons pass each other on the steps one of them will surely experience evil before the day is over.

A white rat is lucky. Arrival of crickets in new houses mean death. In old houses they are especially lucky auguries.

Always wear new clothes on Easter, and remember this : "At Easter let your clothes be new, or else be sure you will it rue."

A sudden shivering indicates that some one has just walked over your future grave, or rather the spot where your grave will be.

Just for the fun of the thing and the good luck that it will bring you place your shoes "T" shape under the bed before retiring at night.

Did you ever know that it was lucky to rise from slumber on your right side? It is. Remember this when you awake in the mornings.

Let swallows build about your house or in the chimney and you will never regret it, for the little birds are joyous harbingers of good luck.

For a raven to flutter about the house or enter through an open window denotes death if there be sickness in the house. The same applies to a red bird.

Don't sit at a table where there are thirteen persons. Many people laugh at this, but the old superstition holds as good to-day as it did a thousand years ago.

If you take a slice of bread or anything else on your plate when you already have some it's a sure sign that somebody hungry is coming to your house.

Accidentally drop a pair of scissors and if they stick in the floor a stranger is coming. He will come from the direction in which the loose blade points.

If a young maid before getting into a strange bed will place her shoes in a "T" shape on the floor and get into bed backward she will surely dream of her future husband.

If during the process of combustion a candle melts imperfectly and forms a cluster of tallow by the side of the wick, you may depend on it that it means a death in the family.

The gift of a knife, razor or pair of scissors is said to have the power to cut love and friendship. You can prevent the ill-luck, however, by the payment of some trifle for the gift. A penny or other small sum is usually given.

When walking with your wife or sweetheart don't let a post or tree come between, for if you do you will surely quarrel. To break the charm you must either retrace your steps and pass the obstacle the other way, or each must say, "Bread and butter."

Thunder on Sunday used to be considered a sign of death of a great man, on Monday of the death of a woman, on Tuesday of plenty of grain, on Wednesday of bloodshed, on Thursday of an abundance of sheep and corn, on Friday of the murder of a great man or other great calamity, and Saturday of a general pestilence and great mortality.

For the Ladies' Journal.

Out of the Depths.

My faith is weak to-night, O God !
The clouds loom thick and black ;
I scarce can see a ray of light
Upon my onward track.
But Thou, I know, art over all,
Thou seest all my grief ;
As did the man of old, I call
"Help Thou mine unbelief."

My spirit faints to-night, O God !
Fierce storms above me roll ;
The waves of sin break dark and wild
About my shuddering soul.
But still, beneath my shrinking feet,
Amid the gathering roar,
The Rock of Ages stands complete
Ti'l winds and storms are o'er.

My heart is sore to-night, O God !
I seem to stand alone,
Forgot by friends, of love bereft.
Afar from rest and home.
But Thou hast promised, lest our hearts
Should fail amid the gloom,
I will not leave thee comfortless ;
Come quickly, Lord ! I come !

E. B.

Women Doctors in England.

GOOD women physicians no longer find their path thorny in England. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M. D., has been writing for the British Journal on the status and qualifications of women practitioners, and she shows that their hardest days are over. Her first statement is that it is as easy at this moment fer a woman to get a completemedical education in GreatGreat Britain as it is for a man, the course of education and the necessary expenditure being practically the same in both cases ; the same examinations must be passed and the same qualifications and diplomas must be obtained by individuals of either sex. Some of the examining bodies, such as the Royal College of Surgeons in England, do not admit women to examination, but even with them there is no direct opposition, and hours are set apart at the museum of the college solely for the convenience of women students. The degrees of the universities of London, Durham, Ireland, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrew's, and the medical colleges of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Ireland, and the license of Apothecaries' Hall, are now open to women, who are prepared for examination in many medical schools, some of which are open for women only and some for men and women together. The schools for women are those of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and there are mixed schools in Ireland and one in Newcastle. The course of education is laid down by the examining bodies, and therefore must of necessity be the same in all schools, though more completely carried out in some than in others. A very considerable number of women have passed their qualifying examinations and obtained degrees. Of these upward of fifty are now practising in London, and several medical charities are worked entirely by their aid.

Mrs. Anderson speaks strongly of the requirements of the woman who wishes to practise medicine. She insists that all these are necessary : A vigorous healthy constitution, with no tendency to bodily or mental disease or weakness of any kind, a determination to spend five years in arduous study, a sufficient amount of capital to support the student during that period and pay for the expensive education and surplus enough for maintenance during the establishment of a practice.

B S RIDE WITH SANTA.

SEEING the glance at the striking clock, Billy remonstrated: "Nobody should go to bed before 9 o'clock on Christmas Eve!"

"On the contrary, Billy! Christmas Eve is the time of all others that children should go to bed specially early. Santa Claus won't have a good chance to do his work you know."

Then Billy smiled with the superiority of a man of the world—aged twelve.

"I used to believe in Santa Claus—many years ago, when I was a small child. I used to dream about him for weeks before Christmas came, and lie awake listening for his coming on the night he was expected. That is many years ago," repeated Billy solemnly.

"And did you ever see him?" I inquired.

"I had an adventure with him once, when I was a very small child asserted Billy nodding his head at me.

"Indeed, Billy! Let's hear it. I confess that Christmas Eve is a good time to listen to a Santa Claus story, told by you!"

"I couldn't have been more than four or five at the time,' began Billy, "probably about four. And I had been thinking for a long time before Christmas about the few little trifles I expected Santa Claus to put into my stocking. I wanted a bicycle and a new wheelbarrow, and skates, and a steam engine, and a printing press, and of course a dozen or so of tools, besides the candy, fruit and sweets I always got. I was afraid that Santa Claus would forget some of them. I made out a list, blew it up the chimney, as some one told me to do, but still I thought he might be in a hurry and not stop long enough to read it all through, for he had a lot of other houses to go to as well as this, although of course ours was the most important!

"So I thought perhaps the best way would be to keep awake and remind him when he came, in case he should forget one or two things. For if Santa Claus is as rich as they say, why shouldn't he give you everything you want? What difference does it make to him if he gives you ten things or twenty? If he is able to do it, why shouldn't he be willing to do it, too? It must be just because he is in a hurry and he forgets, sometimes. I thought that—when I was four!"

"And have you found out the answer yet, Billy?"

"Part of it I have, and part of it I haven't" replied Billy. "But I can tell you about that now, it's the little adventure with Santa Claus that I want to tell you about tonight.

"I lay awake a long time that night listening. Sometimes I'd fall asleep for a few minutes, but I knew Santa Claus never came in those times, because each time I crept downstairs after I woke up to look at my stocking and it was always empty.

"And at last I heard, far off, a sound like a stamping in the snow, that was thick all over the roof. Then I heard a bounce and then a sort of shuffling, scraping sound, as if some one was coming down the chimney. So I crept softly downstairs and peeped into the door, and there stood Santa Claus on the hearth-rug.

"He looked just like all the pictures and the poems tell about him, so I know they must all be true. That is, that people who wrote the stories and made the pictures must have caught a glimpse of him somehow, to be able to get him so straight.

"'Hello! Merry Christmas!" I said.

"'Hello! Merry Christmas! said Santa Claus.

"Then I want in and began to tell him what I came down for.

"'I'm in a terrible hurry,' said Santa Claus. 'I just meant to dump a whole lot of things down here and skip, but if you've got anything very important to say I'll you you what you can do. Come along! with me and say it in my sleigh Never mind if your costume is airy. I've got plenty of fur robes aboard!'

"And before I could get my breath he took hold of my hand and, presto! we whisked up the chimney before you could say 'Jack Robinson!' I didn't want to say

I BLEW THE LIST UP THE CHIMNEY.

Jack Robinson,' but I did say 'Gracious!' for there was the prettiest sleigh I ever saw and all the eight reindeer, too!

"'Hop in! shouted Santa Claus. And I hopped. And off we went. But I never wondered after that he was in a hurry. Why, he had to dash down the chimneys and up again as fast a lightening! And as fast as the bag on his back got empty he filled it up again from his sleigh, and somehow the stock of toys and things he had there never seemed to get any smaller, no matter how much he carried down each chimney!

"And he began to fly so fast from house to house and from

"I'M IN A TERRIBLE HURRY" SAID SANTA CLAUS.

chimney to chimney that I really wondered he didn't drop down, for just think how many houses he had to go to!

"I didn't have much time to speak. I tried to shout out the things I wanted, but I only had a chance to say one thing at a time before off he'd go popping down another chimney. And each thing I say I wanted he'd say: 'Certainly of course you shall have it in time! Be a good boy and wait, and you'll get 'em all. Everything comes to the boy that waits for it.'

"And I said: 'Well, I guess I'd better begin waiting right away, for I want every one of those things, and, as long as you've promised 'em to me, I'll go home and wait now, Mr. Santa Clause!"

"I had to shout even that much between the times he was popping down each chimney. And Santa Claus laughed, and laughed, and he had a funny twinkle in his eyes when I said it. 'All right!' he cried: 'I'm a man of my word, if you're a boy of yours. Presto! Oh!'

"And at that the sleigh gave a terrible jump from one set of houses to another, and somehow the shock bounced me straight home and landed me straight into the middle of my own bed, for when I looked around there I was!"

"And did you find all the things Santa Claus promised you in your stocking, Billy?"

"One or two of 'em," said Billy, "and a few since. And the rest I'm waiting for just as I promised. But Santa Claus promised too, you know, so I'm sure they'll certainly come!" and he nodded at me so solemnly that I laughed.

"Billy, Billy, my dear go to bed Santa Claus is surely a man of his word!"

Weak, Tired, Nervous

Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse:

"I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and I have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began to use it, together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a most complete blood purifier." MRS. C. CROMPTON, 71 Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario.

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The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of WALTER BAKER & COMPANY'S preparations; so that their products may truly be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.

In view of the many imitations of the name, labels and wrappers on their goods consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine articles made at DORCHESTER, MASS.

Every great writer is a writer of history, let him treat on what subject he may.—Landor.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms.—Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

What it Means to Be Well.

THE WAY.

IF you are well already, you still have need to know the way to perfect health—

The way: good food, fresh air, good water inside and outside, proper clothing, occupation of body and mind, amusement and rest.

There is a healthy weight for every person. One keeps very close to this weight, in health, no matter how much or how little he eats or works. The human body is a self-regulating mechanism for getting enough, and not too much, out of food.

GETTING THIN.

To lose weight is to lose fat. If you are losing, especially if you go on losing for some time, or if you lose a good deal in a short time, your health is running down; you are losing good looks and comfort, but that is your least loss; you are losing your power of resisting the causes of disease.

When we speak of thinness or of getting thin, we mean a falling off from your healthy weight. This is always accompanied by a decline in health.

GETTING FAT.

Fat is a part of nearly all food; and, when a man is entirely well, he gets all the fat he needs from his everyday food, storing up whatever excess there may be, and giving no thought to it. Fat is his fuel. The burning of it in every part of the body makes his animal heat. It is like the oil in an oil-stove. You cannot make any use at all of your oil stove without burning up oil; you cannot live without burning up fat.

But we gain or lose it with so little apparent effect that we are apt to think it of no account.

A man is all the time burning up fat. This fat has got to be in as constant supply as the air he breathes. Every minute of life depends on it. It has got to come from somewhere; if it does not come from the food direct, it comes from the fat stored up in the body. It gets stolen without his knowing it; but his friends inform him of it. They say: "You are getting thin. You are not looking well."

They are right; but they do not recognize the full significance of what they are saying.

DIGESTING FAT.

Fat is the hardest part of food for digestion to deal with. The rest of food is dissolved; digestion is solution of it. Fat cannot be dissolved. All digestion does with it is to break it up into microscopic drops so small as to pass through the wall of the intestines into the blood. It reaches its place of use or storage unchanged, except this breaking up into microscopic drops.

A tired digestion fails to break it fine enough; fails to get it through the wall of the intestines into the blood. When digestion fails we draw from our stored up fat and get thin.

If you are not getting the fat you need from your usual food you are getting thin. One can go on losing fat a little while with no more serious harm than some discomfort to himself, and the causing of some anxiety to his friends. But there is dangerahead. Youmust have a food you can get fat from. Cod-liver oil is that food. It is as truly a food as if it were nothing more.

Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil made easy. In it the oil is broken up into particles finer than water-drops in cloud or fog. The work of digestion is partly done beforehand. The tiny drops of oil slip easily through the wall of the intestines into the blood.

This is the reason why Scott's Emulsion produces plumpness when common food, or even cod-liver oil, is ineffectual.

THE CHIEF DANGER OF GETTING THIN.

Everyone recognizes the change from being plump as a sign of a letting down of health.

Whoever is in a low state of health, inherited or acquired, whether he has ever suspected a tendency toward consumption or not, inherited or acquired, may well take thought to fortify himself against it.

THE REAL CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

The mould that grows on cheese is a germ. It lives on the cheese and destroys it. There are germs of many sorts. A few are well known, some are slightly known, some are only known to exist, and some are no more than suspected. Certain kinds get into our bodies, grow there, live on us, and destroy whatever part they become attached to.

Diseases are caused by the growth of one or another sort of these germs. Consumption is the destruction of lung by a growing germ, precisely as the moulding of cheese is the destruction of cheese by a growing germ.

These germs are infinite in number and everywhere present.

The germ itself is harmless. Its growth and reproduction within us is what does the mischief.

The germ begins to grow as soon as it reaches a favoring soil.

Not long ago a few grains of wheat were found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy. That wheat had waited some thousands of years for a chance to grow. When it was planted in the ground, then it grew.

Just so the germ of consumption waits for its soil. This favoring soil is some weak spot in the lungs; some smothered, starved, or tired spot; some spot predisposed by its weakness to be a soil. The growth and reproduction of this germ is the direct cause of consumption; but the cause of that cause is the weakness of the lungs.

WE DO NOT KNOW EVERYTHING.

What do we mean by "weak spot?" What is the nature of this "weakness" we are talking about?

We mean a bit of lung in which vital force is weak. The germ has its life; the lung has its life. These two are contending against one another. The germ-life is conquered by vigorous lung-life. The germ-life conquers lung-life that is not vigorous. This would be a perfect explanation of what we mean by "weak spot," if we knew what "vital force" is.

EARLY CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

We have told you that the cause of consumption is two-fold, the germ-cause and the lung-cause; and that no one can hope to escape the germ-cause. We have got to face it and fight; it is fight or die for us all. But the lung-cause, the letting down of health, you probably can prevent. When the germ-cause and lung-cause act together, consumption begins; but the beginning of consumption is not, itself, serious; it may be stopped immediately.

Consider again what consumption is. It is the growth and reproduction of this germ in the lung when the lung is too weak to conquer it. The remedy is strength. The adjustment of lung-strength to overcome germ-strength is going on all the time in us. Health for the lungs is fighting this germ with the odds in our favor. Consumption is fighting this germ with the odds against us. Whenever we are getting thin the odds are against us.

We can generally get the odds in our favor by careful living; and this includes the use of Scott's Emulsion whenever we do not get the fat we need from our usual food.

CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

What will cure consumption after you know you have got it? You do not know you have got it until the fight has been going on against you for some time. It is serious now.

Before it began you were in poor health, and your health has been getting poorer all the time ever since. The germs have got a good start, and your germ-fighting strength is a good way behind. The question is: can you now, with the added burden of this disease, recover strength enough to conquer it?

You may or may not. The only way to find out is by trying. Whether you will succeed or not depends on how far along you are in consumption, and how carefully you can live.

Careful living has different meanings for different persons. Your doctor is the one to find out its meaning for you, and to point out the way to health for you. He will tell you that the food to fight consumption with is fat; and that the easiest food-fat is cod-liver oil when partly digested, broken up into tiny drops, as in Scott's Emulsion.

When past cure there is strength and comfort, ease and prolonging of life, in Scott's Emulsion.

A FAT BABY.

The fat baby is always interesting. He passes for pretty because he is happy; he is happy because he is comfortable; he is comfortable because he is fat. He is a little bundle of life, as fresh as a rose, and as helpless.

Fat is the cushion that keeps the rough world from hurting him. Fat surrounds his little nerves and keeps them comfortable. He is cushioned all over and through with it. Fat makes curves and dimples. Half the baby is fat, and all his baby beauty.

Nature is right. This superabundance of fat belongs to the time of sleep and growth. It is the baby's indispensable means of comfort and health.

A THIN BABY.

Poor baby! The instinct of pity responds immediately. It is right, though it does not see the whole.

To be thin, for a baby, is to be

deprived of its natural ease and fullness of life; to suffer a little; to wear a sad pinched face; to live on the edge of sickness; to grow imperfectly; and to lose the power of resisting disease.

The fat baby is as happy and safe as a baby can be. The thin one bears, as it can, its little burden of discontent, and is never safe.

When a baby is thin it needs more fat than it gets from its food; it is starved, fat-starved. Scott's Emulsion is the easiest fat it can have; provides a part of the fat it needs; and helps it get all it requires from its usual food.

Half of Scott's Emulsion is taken by babies.

SCROFULA.

The germ that causes scrofula is the same germ that causes consumption, but in scrofula it is growing in some other part of the body. This is too hard a subject to explain to you here.

Scrofula is, in the main, a disease of infancy and childhood; it may be inherited or acquired. You cannot tell whether your child has scrofula or not; you must look to your doctor for that.

He will tell you that the scrofulous child is fat-starved and weak: that it must be refreshed and strengthened: that some of the means are; Cleanliness, plenty of fresh air, and an abundance of food that is rich in fat. Scrofulous children usually loathe the sight and taste of fat. They need fat, but cannot digest it; this loathing of it is the instinctive provision of nature to keep them from taxing their tired digestion with it.

They will take and can digest the easiest fat in its easiest form; that is Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil. The effect of it is to give them a part of the fat they need, to help them digest their everyday food, to give them an appetite, and make them rosy and plump.

DO NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH.

Scott's Emulsion is the easiest form of the easiest food-fat. No one has fully explained how it is that cod-liver oil is the easiest fat, but it is easy to see why a partly digested cod-liver oil is the easiest form of cod-liver oil.

The first thing digestion does with fat is to make an emulsion of it, break it up into tiny drops. The emulsion of butter is milk; and milk you know, is an easier food than butter. Digestion can deal with a drop when it cannot deal with a spoonful.

Scott's Emulsion is the only emulsion of cod-liver oil that does not separate; it is the milk of cod-liver oil.

Cod-liver oil has a nasty taste; and it lasts a long time. In Scott's Emulsion you do not get the taste at all, because the little drops of oil are covered over with glycerin, just as pills are coated with sugar or gelatine. This is more than a matter of comfort. An offensive taste is apt to upset digestion; an agreeable taste aids it.

If Scott's Emulsion would always do what it often does, get digestion at work and rebuild the body, and thus destroy these germs, consumption and scrofula would be absolutely within control. But the human body is full of uncertainties. We inherit a part of our constitution; make a part in childhood and youth, and only a part are we master of now.

There are digestions so out of gear that they cannot deal with Scott's Emulsion; they must wait till they can. The doctor is the one to get the machine in order, if it can be done.

A CLOAK FOR OUR IGNORANCE.

When we cannot explain a fact we often evade explanation by giving a name to it. Nobody knows why the hypophosphites of lime and soda improve the appetite and aid digestion, as they often do in a remarkable way in consumption and scrofula. As we do not know how they act, we call them tonics. The hypophosphites of lime and soda are combined with cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion.

ALL OF ONE MIND.

For a generation all physicians have been so completely in accord on the value of cod-liver oil in consumption and scrofula, and many other conditions in which the loss of fat is involved, and probably there is not a physician in the world in doubt. And the form in which it has its greatest usefulness is Scott's Emulsion.

A KIND WORD.

When one is in a frail condition of health, so that a slight exposure or tax leads to sickness of one or another sort, we say he is delicate. The word is almost pleasant; it implies so much kindness. But the condition is dangerous. A delicate child or adult is all the time taking cold; he hardly recovers from one before he gets another; he gets tired easily. What we want is to be robust; to be proof against every-day exposures and slight taxes on strength; to have the power of resisting diseases; to have strength.

The delicate person can eat but little; and food does not make him fat. He must turn to the food that, with careful living in other respects, will yield him fat. That food is Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil. It is food for every man, woman and child, whose weight is below the standard of health.

FAT AND BLOOD.

If your blood is not getting its constant supply of fat from your food, it must have it from somewhere; so it steals from the fat stored up in your body. The sign of this stealing is thinness.

If it has to steal fat for some time, the blood itself undergoes a change; your doctor calls it anæmia. The sign of this change is paleness.

So a sufficient supply of fat is required to keep the blood, as well as all other parts of the body, in health.

IRRITABILITY AND THINNESS.

Good nature goes with plumpness; irritability goes with thinness.

You are uncomfortable when getting thin. All parts of your body are hungry for fat; like children crying for food.

Sometimes neuralgia is only the prayer of a nerve for food.

THINNESS AND EVERYTHING.

Thinness is poverty, living from hand to mouth; it is exposure to disease, with no reserve force.

Plumpness is that reserve. It is more than supply for the future; it is present comfort. But how a man gains a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion has never been explained: he does sometimes. The ounce enables him, somehow, to get the pound.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver o with hypophosphites must, therefore, be more than a food; but how it is useful beyond being the easy food-fat is not fully known.

What it means to be well: For the baby, it is to laugh; for the child, to play; for the youth, to be full of strength; for a man, to carry a world on his shoulders; for the old, to rest.

Isn't it worth a thought or two?

ANOTHER ENEMY.

We have shown that the germ of consumption and scrofula is your acknowledged enemy; not far behind is any dealer who, when you ask for Scott's Emulsion, which admittedly is the best form of the best food-fat to conquer this germ-enemy with, recommends something else.

You know what you want; and he knows you ought to have it. All he cares for is the extra profit he can make on something not so good. The trick is as old as the trade.

We have told you the reasons as well as the facts, so that you can corner the treacherous dealer and conquer that germ.

When the doctor has shown his faithfulness and skill in telling you what you need, the druggist shows his honesty by giving you exactly that and nothing else.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is put up in a Salmon-colored wrapper, and sold by all druggists for one dollar a bottle. Every wrapper bears the trade-mark of the man and the big fish. Beware of imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE,

50c. and $1.00. Manufacturing Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

BIBLE PROBLEMS.

Give chapter and verse of the first case of medical treatment mentioned in the Bible, where a plaister of figs was recommended as a cure for boils.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL is offering the following series of valuable articles to those who answer this problem correctly :

FIRST REWARDS.

To the first person sending a correct answer will be given a Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, by one of our best Canadian makers valued at four hundred dollars.

2 to 6—Five Handsome Gold Watches (lady or gentlemen's size, as preferred).
7 to 16—Ten Silver Watches, lady or gents.
17 to 36—Twenty Open Face Solid Nickel Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches.
37 to 65—Thirty half-dozen Triple-Plated Tea Spoons.
67 to 106—Forty dozen Nickel Tea Spoons.
107 to 160—Forty-four Handsome Gem Rings.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the person sending the middle correct answer in the whole competition will be given number one of the following list of prizes :

1—A Handsome Piano, valued at four hundred dollars.
2—One Silver Tea Set (4 pieces) Quadruple plate.
3—One complete Set Dickens (15 vols.)
4—11—Eight beautifully bound books (History of the Bible).
12 to 25—Fourteen Handsome Gold Thimbles.
26 to 92—Sixty-seven Testaments, handsome bound.
93 to 125—Thirty-three Solid Silver Spoons
126 to 140—Fifteen dozen Dinner Knives (quadruple plate.)
141 to 160—Twenty Handsome Silver Plated Cake Baskets.
161 to 180—Twenty half-dozen Table Spoons (extra quality.)
181 to 195—Fifteen Silver Tete-a-Tete Sets (quadruple plate.)
196 to 200—Five Silver Tea Services (4 pieces) quadruple plate.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

The last one hundred persons sending correct answers will be awarded prizes as follows :—

1 to 10—Ten half-dozen Tea Spoons (Triple Silver Plated).
11 to 20—Ten Open Face Solid Nickel Watches.
21 to 40—Twenty Silver Thimbles.
41 to 60—Twenty half-dozen Table Spoons (Silver Plated).
61 to 90—Thirty Testaments (Morocco Bound).
91 to 97—Seven Pair Silver Sugar Tongs.
98—One complete Set Cooper (16 vols.)
99—One Black Silk Dress.
100 (or last)—Fine Toned Rosewood Piano, valued at four hundred dollars.

Each person competing must be or become an actual subscriber to THE LADIES' JOURNAL. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended one year for the eighty centssent. If you send one dollar it will pay for fourteen months subscription.

The regular subscription price is one dollar per year, but during the term of this competition, which remains open only until the 16th of December, inclusive, subscriptions will be received at the rate of eighty cents per year, or two for one dollar and fifty cents.

THE JOURNAL has been established for fifteen years, and is thoroughly reliable in every respect, and is cheap at one dollar per year.

Every person who competes cannot get a prize, but those who do not will get good value for their eighty cent investment, and all the above articles, as far as they go, will be given to those whose answers are correct.

No charges will be exacted, beyond the subscription price named, from those who succeed in obtaining rewards.

The list of successful competitors will be published in the issue of THE JOURNAL following the close of the competition.

Ten days after the date of closing of the competition will be given for letters to reach THE LADIES' JOURNAL office from distant points, but they must all be postmarked not later than the 16th December.

This competition is revived, after about five years' silence, only at the solicitation of the many subscribers and friends of THE LADIES' JOURNAL. These prizes have heretofore been given to agents for getting up clubs, but they (the prizes) are now offered direct to the public, and we know that the winners will be well pleased with the articles offered.

Of the thousands of persons who gained rewards in previous competitions, word is yet to be received from a dissatisfied competitor. Address THE LADIES' JOURNAL, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada.

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"LAZENBY'S SOLIDIFIED TABLE JELLY."

Literary.

Littell's living age for 1896.—The announcement of a reduction in the price of this famous eclectic from eight dollars to six dollars a year will prove of more than usual interest to lovers of choice literature. Founded in 1844, it will soon enter its fifty-third year of a continuous and successful career seldom equalled. This standard weekly is the oldest, as it is the best, concentration of choice periodical literature printed in this country. Those who desire a thorough compendium of all that is admirable and noteworthy in the literary world will be spared the trouble of wading through the sea of reviews and magazines published abroad; for they will find the essence of all compacted and concentrated here. It brings together between its own covers the choicest current productions of the most brilliant writers, the best scholars, the most profound thinkers of the world.

The essential features which have characterized the Magazine and made it so desirable heretofore will be preserved during the coming year, and the same efforts continued to maintain the splendid record it has made in the past. The various departments of Literary Criticism, Biography, Historical and Political Information, Fiction and Poetry, in short every phase of Culture and Progress from the entire field of Foreign Periodical Literature will have their representatives. To those whose means are limited it must meet with especial favor, for it offers them what could not otherwise be obtained except by a large outlay. Intelligent readers who want to save time and money will find it invaluable, for it furnishes the greatest amount of the best reading for the least money that one can anywhere find. For the amount and quality of the reading furnished, the new price makes The Living Age the cheapest as well as the best literary weekly in existence. Reduced clubbing rates with other periodicals offer still greater inducements, and to new subscribers remitting now for the year 1896, the intervening numbers of 1895 will be sent gratis. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

There's song in the air, there's a star in the sky ;
There's a mother's deep prayer, and a baby's low cry,
And the star rains its fire, while the beautiful sing ;
And the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

—J. G. Holland.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in your life.

ESTABLISHED 80 YEARS.

F·U·R·S. . . . .

JACKETS. CAPES.

..SEALSKIN..
.PERSIAN LAMB.
.GREENLAND SEAL.
KRIMER LAMB
Etc., Etc.

Correct Styles Right Prices

QUALITY AND FIT GUARANTEED.

Jas. H. Rogers, Cor. King & Church Sts., TORONTO.

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A P. E. Island Lady Restored to Health.

Attacked With a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlottetown Patriot.

Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimonials telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman. Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlottetown, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first incipient, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affec-

Joking their Mother on Her Appetite.

tionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to be numbered. Her appetite was almost completely gone. Food was partaken of without relish, and Mrs. Strickland was unable to do even the ordinary, lighter work of the household. She became greatly emaciated and in order to partake of even the most dainty nourishment a stimulant had at first to be administered. While this gloom hung over the home and the mother sorrowfully thought of how soon she would have to say farewell to her young family, she was induced by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Though utterly discouraged, and almost disgusted with medicine she yielded more in a friendly way than in a hopeful spirit. After using the pills for a short time a gleam of hope, a wish to get well again took possession of her and the treatment was cheerfully continued. It was no false feeling but a genuine effort nature was making to reassert itself, and before many boxes were used the family were joking their mother on her appetite, her disappearing cough and the fright she had given them. The use of Pink Pills was continued for some time longer and now Mrs. Strickland's elastic step and general, excellent health, would lead you to imagine that you were gazing upon a different woman, not one who had been snatched from the very jaws of death. She was never in better health and spirits, and no matter what others say she is firm in her belief that Pink Pills saved her life and restored her to her wonted health and strength.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like that above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Shenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

Things to Forget.

DOUBTLESS you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, if you would forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget temptations. Forget the fault finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and constant thought of the acts of meanness, make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and loveable.

Mrs. Gabley.—What do you think of the new woman? Mrs. Placid.—Nothing; I'm bothered enough about the old man.

Mother—Horrors! How did you get so muddy? Small Son—Runnin' home to see if there was anything you wanted me to do.

The Uncrown'd King!

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO, CANADA.

He sits upon a cushion'd throne—
  This uncrown'd king!
He rules a kingdom all his own—
  This uncrown'd king!
He is worshipp'd night and day,
And has all his own sweet way,
For we never say him—Nay!
  This uncrown'd king!

His subjects are his faithful slaves—
  This uncrown'd king!
Nor murmur when he misbehaves—
  This uncrown'd king!
All he sees he claims and keeps,
They must labour while he sleeps,
And get frighten'd when he weeps—
  This uncrown'd king!

He speaks a tongue like ancient Greek—
  This uncrown'd king!
Wise sages hush to hear him speak—
  This uncrown'd king!
Though his words they cannot spell,
Of his wisdom they must tell,
Or he'll answer with a yell!—
  This uncrown'd king!

No household is complete without
  An uncrown'd king!
We dearly love to hear the shout
  Of our wee king!
And we call him "sweet" and "dove!"
For he rules our hearts with love,
Like the Great High King above,—
  Our Baby King!

GET A COPY OF

JOHN IMRIE'S POEMS,

BOUND IN CLOTH AND GOLD.

POST FREE FOR ONE DOLLAR,

IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO., PRINTERS,

31 Church Street, - - Toronto, Ont.

A Skeleton in the Closet.

How often do we hear of this in domestic life at this day, but what is more appalling than the living body made repulsive with skin and scalp diseases, salt rheum, tetter, eczema and scrofulous sores and swellings. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the positive cure for all of these diseases. If taken in time, it also cures Lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption. By druggists.

Keyser, N. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—When about three years old I was taken with mumps, also had fever, finally I had that dreaded disease Scrofula. The most eminent physicians in this section treated me to no avail. I had running scrofulous sores on left side of neck and face. I was small and weakly when eight or nine years old, and in fact was nearly a skeleton. Six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery wrought marvellous changes. Although the sores were healed in eight months, I did not quit taking it until I was sure it had been entirely routed from my system. The only signs left of the dreadful disease are the scars which ever remind me of how near death's door I was until rescued by the "Discovery." I am now eighteen years old and weigh 148 pounds; and have not been sick in five years.

Yours respectfully,
HARVEY M. HOLLEMAN,
Agt. for Seaboard Air Line.

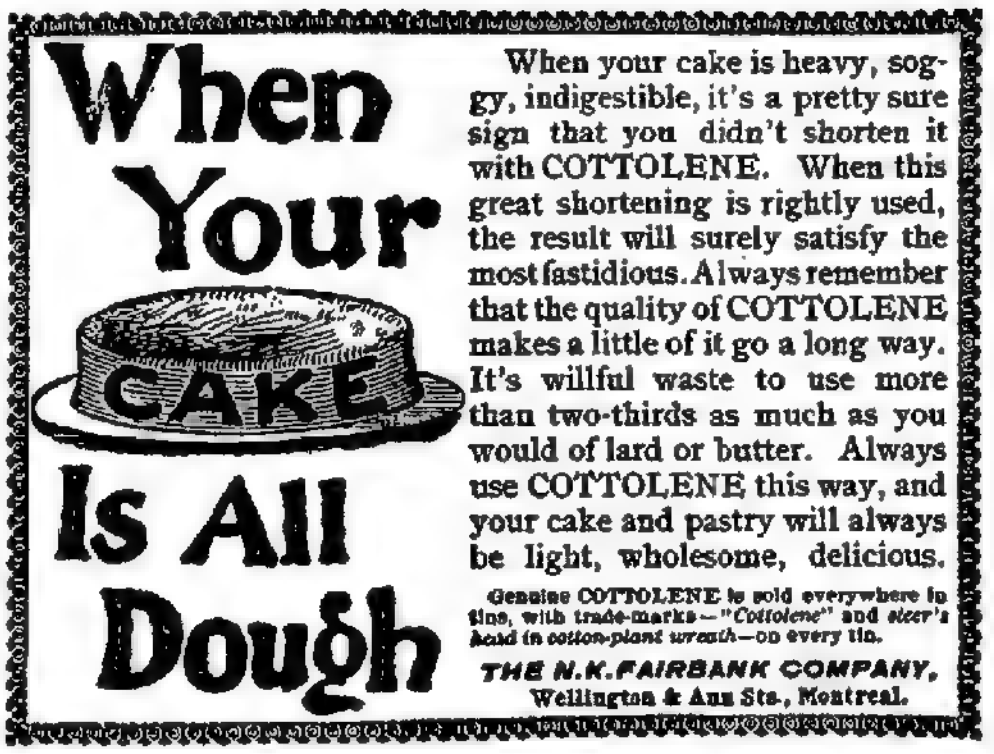
For constipation and headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

Christmas is the time in which the memory of every remedial sorrow, wrong and trouble in the world around us should be active with us.—Dickens.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be generally built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London Eng.

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the sun.

THE ELEMENTS OF BONE, BRAIN AND MUSCLE are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered. When the blood becomes impure either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its contamination by bile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow. A highly accredited remedy for these evils is NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, which eradicates impurities of the blood and fertilizes it by promoting digestion and assimilation. Moreover, this fine alterative and stomachic exerts a specific action upon the liver, healthfully stimulating that organ to a performance of its secretive duty when inactive, and expelling bile from the blood. It likewise possesses diuretic and depurent properties of a high order, rendering the kidneys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the acrid elements, which produce rheumatic pain. Price, $1.00. Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable *Discovery* and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.



No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

If the sun shines through the apple tree, on Christmas day, there will be an abundant crop the following year.

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economic—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the genial flame of charity in the heart.

The great lung healer is found in th t excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Christmas is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into common communion.—Dickens.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day nor night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion, Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small.

The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

Compliments cost nothing, yet many pay dear for them.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays, all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy or Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle

A candle lights others and consumes itself.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Content is happiness.

Cannot Be Beat.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

A charitable man is the true lover of God.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a man afterward.

Still Another Triumph.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles, and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. I have also been subjected to Quinsy for over forty years but Eclectric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

Drawn wells have sweetest water.

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

The Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels etc., act as so many waste gates for the escape of effete matter and gases from the body. The use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery helps them to discharge their duty. Mr. W. H. Lester, H. M. Customs, Toronto, writes: "I have personally tested the health-giving properties of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and can testify as to its great value."

LITERARY NOTES.

Mary E. Wilkins has done something new in the piece of work just completed and given by her to The Ladies' Home Journal for publication. It is a series of "Neighborhood Types." These "types" are the most unique characters, and are found in a supposed New England village; to the portrayal of each "type" Miss Wilkins devotes a separate sketch. Thus she pictures a striking male character in "The Wise Man of the Village"; one of the most natural of children in "The Village Runaway"; a familiar figure in "The Neat Woman of the Town," with three other characters equally distinct. There are six "types," and all are illustrated.

A complete and immediate revolution of transportation methods, involving a reduction of freight charges on grain from the West to New York of from 50 to 60 per cent., is what is predicted in the November Cosmopolitan. The plan proposes using light and inexpensive corrugated iron cylinders, hung on a slight rail supported on poles from a cross-arm—the whole system involving an expense of not more than fifteen hundred dollars a mile for construction. The rolling stock is equally simple and comparatively inexpensive. Continuous lines of cylinders, moving with no interval to speak of, would carry more grain in a day than a quadruple track railway. This would constitute a sort of grain-pipe line. The Cosmopolitan also points out the probable abolition of street-cars before the coming horseless carriage, which can be operated by a boy on asphalt pavements at a total expense for labor, oil, and interest, of not more than one dollar a day.

A Fifty-Cent Calendar Free.—The Publishers of The Youth's Companion are sending free to the subscribers to the paper, a handsome four-page Calendar, 7x10 in., lithographed in nine colors. It is made up of four charming pictures, each pleasing in design, under each of which are the monthly calendars for the year 1896. The retail price of this Calendar is 50 cents. New subscribers to The Companion will receive this beautiful Calandar free and besides, The Companion free every week until January 1, 1896. Also the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double numbers free, and The Companion fifty-two weeks, a full year to January 1, 1897. Address, The Youth's Companion, 195 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

The Century Magazine celebrates its quarter centennial in its November issue with an "Anniversary Number." In honor of the occasion it dons a new dress of type, with new headings, etc., and it appears in a new and artistic cover. Although The Century has reached an age that is unusual among American magazines, it continues to show the youthful vigor and enterprise that have always characterized it. The programme that has been arranged for the coming year contains a number of interesting features. Much has already been written concerning Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Sir George Tressady," which has been secured for its pages. There was a very spirited bidding for this novel on the part of several prominent publishers, with the result that the author will probably realize from the serial and book rights of it one of the largest sums that has yet been given for a work of fiction in the English language. The story describes life in an English country-house, and also touches somewhat upon industrial questions. It begins in the November number with an account of an English parliamentary election. It will be the leading feature in fiction for the coming twelve months, other and shorter novels being contributed by W. D. Howells, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mary Hallock Foote, and Amelia E. Barr. There will also be contributions from Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling (the latter furnishing to the Christmas Century one of the most powerful stories he has ever written); a series of articles on the great naval engagements of Nelson, by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, author of "Influence of Sea Power upon History"; three brilliant articles on Rome, contributed by Mar. . Crawford, and superbly illustrated by Castaigne, who made the famous World's Fair pictures in The Century; a series of articles by George Kennan, author of "Siberia and the Exile System," on the Mountains and the Mountaineers of the Eastern Caucasus, describing a little-known people; articles by Henry M. Stanley and the late E. J. Glave on Africa; a series of papers on "The Administration of the Cities of the United States," by Dr. Albert Shaw. The Century will also contain during the year a great number of papers on art subjects, richly illustrated. Prof. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," with its wealth of illustration, will reach its most interesting part,—the rise of the conqueror to the height of his power, and his final overthrow and exile. In order that new subscribers may obtain the whole of this monumental work, the publishers have made a rate of $5.00 for which one can have a year's subscription from November, '95, and all of the numbers for the past twelve months, from the beginning of Prof. Sloane's history.

St. Nicholas in 1896.—For almost quarter of a century—for twenty-two years, to be exact—St. Nicholas Magazine has been bearing its welcome messages each month to the young people of the land. It began existence in 1873, consolidating with it in its early years all of the leading children's periodicals of that day. "The Little Corporal," "Children's Hour," "The School-Day Magazine," and "Our Young Folks" among them. The last children's magazine to be merged in St. Nicholas was Wide Awake," which was purchased and consolidated with it only a few years ago. It has been fortunate in securing contributions for its pages from the leading writers and Artists of the language, while it has given to its readers many works that have become imperishable classics in juvenile literature. St. Nicholas has had for many years a large circulation in Europe, and it is said to be read by many royal children. When the children of the Prince of Wales' family were young the Prince took six copies for his household, and the present Crown Prince of Italy grew up a constant reader of St Nicholas. The magazine is a help to those that have the care and up-bringing of children, in that it is full of brightness and interest and tends to cultivate high aspirations, without being "preachy" and prosy and lugging in too apparent moralizing. Its readers are always loyal to it, and they will be glad to learn what has been provided for their delectation during the coming year. The leading feature will be a delightful series of letters written to young people from Samoa by Robert Louis Stevenson. These describe the picturesque life of the lamented romancer in his island home, and give interesting portraits of his native retainers. Rudyard Kipling, whose first Jungle Stories appeared in St. Nicholas, will write for it in 1896, and James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, will contribute a delightful poem, "The Dream March of the Children," to the Christmas number. The serial stories represent several favorite names. "The Swordmaker's Son" is a story of boy-life in Palestine at the time of the founding of Christianity. It is written by W. O. Stoddard, whose careful study of the history of the times and whose travels over the scenes of the story have enabled him to present vividly the local coloring. "The Prize Cup" is one of J. T. Trowbridge's best stories. Albert Stearns, whose "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" was one of the great successes of the past year, has written another story that promises much. In "Sindbad, Smith & Co," he has again gone to "The Arabian Nights" for inspiration. An American boy enters into partnership with the greatest of sea-faring adventurers, Sindbad, and the fun and the complications that this brings about can be imagined. These are but a few of the features. During the coming year $1,000 will be given in prizes. Full particulars concerning it will be found in the November number.

Godey's Magazine for December.—Godey's the oldest of the magazines, follows the good old custom of proffering Christmas confections in their proper season.

RIGBY!

The only Perfect Waterproof.

The only Waterproof that is porous and does not confine the moisture of your body. POROUS! WATERPROOF! DRY! and COMFORTABLE. Made in Ladies' Dresses and Cloaks, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Bicycle Suits, Coachmen's Livery Overcoats, and sold by the yard for all purposes mentioned. An ordinary cloth or tweed made waterproof by the Rigby process without changing its appearance, feeling, color, weight or texture. Porous, Waterproof and Odorless.

The December number is notable, therefore, with Yule-tide fiction and verse, besides such articles as "Holiday Decorations," "Christmas, Past and Present," and "Christmas Day in a Japanese Go-Down"—this latter richly illustrated by C. D. Weldon. Perhaps the chief feature of this number is, however, an extensive account of the great "Federation of Women's Clubs," a forerunner of the January issue, which is to be a special "woman's number." Beaumont Fletcher's dramatic critique discusses the fine points of "Hamlet" as rendered by the great actors of historic and contemporary fame. The musical article treats of H. W. Parker's compositions. A work of dignity is a dramatic poem, "The Templar." A new school of portraiture on wood, and the "Masterpieces of French Sculpture," are two lavishly illustrated art articles. The liberal space given to the Fashion Department is always notable in this highly entertaining magazine. Ten cents a copy.—The Godey Company, 52-54 Lafayette Place, New York.

Mr. Joab Scales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

Nothing can constitute good breeding which has not good nature for its foundation.—Bulwer.

They Never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Rougher, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be as a class, vicious, and never, as a class indolent.—Everett.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

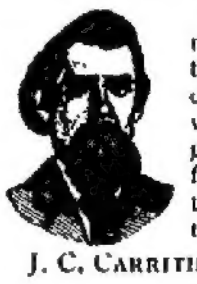
Thought is the blossom; language the opening bud; action the fruit behind it.—Beecher.

FREE.

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements.

For 25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate. I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise, and can understand conversation perfectly.

EDWARD E. WILLIAMS, Lead, S.D.



For 35 years I suffered most intensely from Catarrh in its worst and most complicated form, and words can not express my gratitude for the wonderful cure I obtained from the use of Dr. Moore's treatment.

J. C. CARRITHERS, Riverton, Ala.

For 20 years I had Catarrh, was very Deaf 18 years. Dr. Moore cured me and fully restored my hearing in 1892.

MRS. J. BASTICK,
Shelby, N. C.

I was cured of one of the very worst cases of Fetid Catarrh, by Dr. Moore in 1887, and have felt no trace of the disease since.

A. G. FREEMAN,
Parker's Lake, Ky.

Medicine for Three Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond a doubt that it is a positive cure for Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

J.H. MOORE, M.D., CINCINNATI, O.

Health For The Mother Sex.

COMPOUND

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND (price 75c) cures Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and all weaknesses of the female sex.

The periodic pains to which every woman is liable are perfectly controlled and the dreaded time passes by almost unnoticed. Ladies who suffer from uterine troubles must of necessity turn to the most reliable help, and thousands testify that MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND is that ready and sure cure. Letters from suffering women addressed to the "A.M.C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "personal" will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk, and will not go beyond the hands of one of the "Mother Sex." Druggists everywhere sell MILES' (Canadian) VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Price 75c.

CHOCOLATE :-: CREAMS.

THIS is the fishing season and people are in search of worms for bait. But the Dawson Medicine Company, of Montreal, are after them in another manner, and that is their extermination from children by means of their toothsome chocolate creams, which no child would refuse. These chocolates are irresistible to the palates of children and always have the desired result, and they require no after medicine. Sold everywhere 25c. a box or on receipt of price from

The Dawson Medicine Co., Montreal

The Christmas Rose.

We thought the flowers all were dead,
  We deemed not one like thee so fair
Would deign to lift its lovely head
  From frost-bound earth to frost-bound air.
As white as snow-fall's feathery fold
Thy petals are, with crown of gold;
As green as May's first emerald gleam
Thy leaves, that, traced with crystals, seem
Some lace-work of the frost-folk's skill.
I marvel that the winter's chill
Mars not this beauty fair of thine,
That seems so frail, yet is divine.

Oh, joy divine, that out of gloom
Some flower of love and hope may bloom

Christmas Holly.

The round bright sun in the west hung low;
It was old-fashioned Christmas weather.
I remember the fields were white with snow
As we stood by the stile together.
In the woods the berries grew thick and red;
Yet I lingered and called it "Folly!"
When you said with a smile: "Let us cross the stile
And gather some Christmas holly."

But over the fields by the frozen brook
We went where the boughs were sprinkled
With snow; and deep in a sheltered nook
The waterfall faintly tinkled.
A brave little robin sang out in the cold;
It was only young lover's folly,
But we listened so long to the redbreast's song
That we almost forgot the holly.

Then the light died out of the golden day
And the moon showed her silvery bow,
And we never knew if our homeward way
Lay through rose leaves or drifted snow.
One bright star shone in the pale clear sky;
And my mother said it was folly
To listen so long to a robin's song—
But we brought home the Christmas holly.

You stir not now from our ingle nook,
And my hair is white like the snow;
For the story you told 'mid the sunset gold
Is a story of long ago.
As hand clasps hand by the winter fire,
Do you deem it an old wife's folly
That my eyes grow wet with a sweet regret
When I look at the Christmas holly?

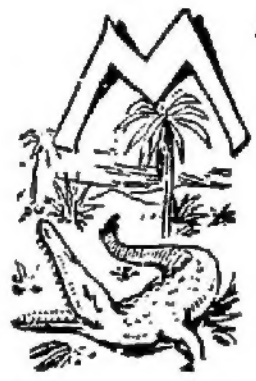
"Do you know," said a clerk in the post office "that we handle hundreds of letters every day at this time of the year addressed to 'Kriss Kringle,' 'St. Nicholas' and 'Santa Claus?' It is true, and some of the letters would make your heart go right out to the little ones who write them."

BABY'S OWN SOAP

is made of pure Castile Soap, and is delicately perfumed. It is the most innocent and perfect Soap you can buy.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Women of India.



MANY are under the impression that the women of India are kept in the strictkest seclusion, but as a matter of fact nine-tenths of them are as free as the men, and walk the streets unveiled and unprotected. The population of the country is made up of a number of distinct races, and in each one the position of women is different. It is only Hindoo and Mohammedan wives who are confined in zenunas and even they are not without influence. The head woman of a family rules, often with a rod of iron, and no one dares to disobey her. The wives of the Parsees are honored and free, and many of them are highly educated. Polygamy is practised only among the nobles, who seem to think a plurality of wives adds to their dignity; but among educated natives of whatever race or creed a man would be ridiculed if he committed the folly of marrying a sec ond wife while the first was living

PAT.—Now Biddy, an is it washin' yer carryin' home on Christmas eve?
BIDDY.—Bedad, an it isn't. It's a plum puddin' the missus gave me.

How to Keep a Man's Love.

Do not buy his cigars.
Do not buy his neckties.
Do not buy his suspenders.
Do not crease his trousers.
Do not criticize his hat or ask him where he got it.
Do not ask him at breakfast what he wants for dinner.
Do not insist upon his going to church simply to please you.
Do not insist upon receiving company that is uncongenial to him.
Do not tell him that your boy, if you have one, takes his temper from him.
Do not wear a bonnet when he thinks you look better in a hat, and vice versa.
Do not ask when he comes home in the evening what he has been doing all day.
Do not persist his giving you the same attentions he gave you before you got him.
Do not cross him in his opinion. For heaven's sake, let him think he is smarter than anybody else.
Do not tell him what your dearest woman friend has said about her husband's good qualities.
Do not tell him that every woman you know has more clothes and has a better time than you.

Tea pots were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese, and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.

BICYCLES—"THE SUN." A Strictly High Grade Wheel at a Moderate Price. Send for catalogue.
G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer.
73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Literary.

The Christmas Ladies' Home Journal by far surpasses, both in literary and artistic excellence, any previous issue of that popular magazine. Conspicuous among the contributors are ex-President Harrison, who gives the introductory paper of the series he is preparing upon "This Country of Ours"; Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro, who most interestingly tells of "My First Appearance on the Stage"; and Mary E. Wilkins, who gives the first of "Neighborhood Types" papers. Rudyard Kipling's latest and best romance, "William the Conqueror" (richly illustrated by W. L. Taylor), is begun in the Christmas Journal, as is Julia Magruder's new novelette, "The Violet," which Charles Dana Gibson has illustrated, while Mrs. Burton Harrison's fascinating story, "The Holiday Dance at Worrosquoyacke" (pictures by W. T. Smedley), is delightfully concluded. James Whitcomb Riley's tenderly reminiscent poem, "At the Gate" (superbly illustrated by A. B. Frost), and Kate Greenaway's winsome dainty little people, are two page features of the December Journal. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney in a "Friendly Letter to Girl Friends" sharply criticises society for what it is, and shows its true mission or purpose, and a fitting page-mate to it is Lilian Bell's caustic analysis of "The Man Under Thirty-Five," a brilliantly-witty paper. Edward W. Bok editorially discusses the South and Southern people, directs attention to "An Evil of the Holidays," chats upon "A Young Christmas" and "Young Men and Evening Work." Dr. Parkhurst talks strongly in condemnation of "The Passion of Money-Getting"; Hezekiah Butterworth tells "How Longfellow Wrote His Best-Known Poems," and Robert J. Burdette humorously and pointedly treats of the "Wasting Other People's Time." Aside from the usual departments and talks about fashion in feminine attire, there is a daintily-illustrated article—"Attractive Dinner Cards," which outlines the art of dinner-giving"; also instructions in Christmas decorations for churches, talks of Christmas gifts, receipts for candies and puddings, suggestions for needlework, parties and games. "An Ideal Kitchen" and "A $3500 Suburban Home," both illustrated, are especially useful articles; the latter gives all the plans and details of construction, and is by a practical architect. The musical feature of the number, a hymn, "Jesus the Very Thought of Thee," is one of Bruno Oscar Klein's best compositions. The artists represented in the Christmas Journal are among the most notable illustrators, and include A. B. Frost, Kate Greenaway, W. L. Taylor, C. D. Gibson, Alice Barber Stephens, W. T. Smedley, E. Grivaz, E. M. Hallowell, Abby E. Underwood, Miss E. S. Green, W. S. Rice. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

The old-time Christmas number of a domestic magazine was a good thing, fairly adapted for use at the fireside and in the home, but the Christmas number of to-day, as is well typified in Jenness Miller Monthly, is a fitting illustration of the development of literary work and taste in the last few years, especially as it applies generally and in detail to what might be called the kingdom of women. From the cover the bright eyes a pretty child peep out shyly at the beholder; a merry Christmas party; "Under the Mistletoe," greets the reader from the frontispiece, and many other equally attractive illustrations sprinkle the book from the first cover to last. The reading matter is especially well adapted to the requirements of the season. There is an admirable Christmas sermon by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, a glowing Christmas story, and a Children's Christmas story, equally filled with delight and pathos; an article on Christmas Entertainments, and another on Christmas Gifts. The editorial page reflects the theme of the cover in a plea for the betterment of childhood. Besides these there is an array of practical articles that furnish a valuable encyclopædia for the woman of to-day. She is told how to dress from the admirable Jenness Miller standpoint, which will conduce to her health as well as to her beauty. The department known as "Occupations for Women," suggests to her how she may get a living. She is told how to increase flesh, having been told how to reduce it in the November number; how to cook, and how to keep house according to the latest and most approved methods, in the "Household Science" department; how to go into society enjoyably and instructively, in the "Afternoon Tea" department; how to walk, in the "Physical Culture" article; in short, the number is crammed full of good things for women in all stations in life. The department known as "Correspondence" is also worthy of special note, every question, of which there are a great number on subjects pertaining to hygiene, dress, household science, etc., being answered entertainingly and in detail. Altogether the Monthly is one of the gems of the Christmas market.

Scott's Emulsion

is Cod-liver Oil emulsified, or made easy of digestion and assimilation. To this is added the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which aid in the digestion of the Oil and increase materially the potency of both. It is a remarkable flesh-producer. Emaciated, anæmic and consumptive persons gain flesh upon it very rapidly. The combination is a most happy one.

Physicians recognize its superior merit in all conditions of wasting. It has had the endorsement of the medical profession for 20 years.

Don't be persuaded to take a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

COLORS

must be good or your painting is a failure. Don't risk spoiling your work.

WINSOR - & - NEWTON

have been making

OIL AND WATER COLORS, CANVAS, &C.

since 1832 and they know how to make them right and all good artists know it too.

Prices are not high either. Ask your dealer.

A. RAMSAY & SON MONTREAL.

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Delightful after shaving. Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Take no substitutes. Sold by all druggists or mailed for 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE (Name this paper).

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

THIS IS THE LADY

who sends free to all afflicted women a safe, simple, home treatment for female diseases. A very desirable remedy that seldom fails to cure even the most serious cases. Also full instructions for self-treatment, and how to regain health without the aid of physicians. Address: Mrs. L. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

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How to Get "SUNLIGHT" ... BOOKS.

Send 12 Sunlight Wrappers, or 6 "Lifebuoy" Wrappers to

LEVER BROS. Ltd., 43 Scott St., Toronto

and they will send you a useful paper-bound Book, 160 pages.

LIFEBUOY ROYAL DISINFECTANT SOAP

This Soap kills all disease germs and is most valuable in its action on the skin or clothes.

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441 Yonge St. and 1 Carlton St., Toronto, Canada. Telephone 2498.

HEAD COVERING FOR LADIES WITH LITTLE HAIR.

Ladies' Waves, with hair-nce parting, straight or Wavey Hair o back $7, $8, $9, $10, according to size.
Small Waves, no hair on back, $5, $6 and $7.
Ladies' Curly Bang with or without parting, hair on back of Bang, $1, $6 and $8 to $15.
Ladies' Plain Parting or straight hair in front, with hair falling over the back, $3, $5, $7 and $10.

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Made of Long Hair, Short Stem, best quality. Length and prices as follows:—

16 inches, long hair,	$3	22 inches, long hair,	$6
18 " " "	$4	24 " " "	$7
20 " " "	$5	26 " " "	$8

24 and 30 inches, long hair $10.

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Highest World's Fair Award.

Wigs for Ladies and Gentlemen. Toupees and Scalplets made to order on short notice, perfect fit guaranteed. You need not come to Toronto, we can suit you with perfect fit. Just apply to us and we will instruct you how to take the measure correctly. We can improve on natural appearance.

This cut shows a beautiful Style of Bang, with or without parting. Price $5.00 and $7.00.

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The Pills Purify the Blood, Correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

The Ointment Is an Infallible Remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds Sores and Ulcers, is famous for Gout and rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival, and for Contracted and Stiff Joints, it acts like a charm.

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A vegetable lotion, entirely harmless, guaranteed to remove tan, sun burn, freckles, pimples, and render the skin white and soft.
It temperates the heat and dryness of the skin, and gives its fibres renewed vigor and charming elasticity. Ask your druggist for a bottle, price $1.00, or write to us.
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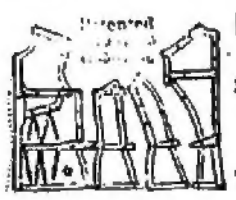
Write for our book on beauty free.



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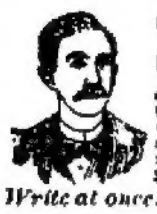

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Our 40c. Tea is Unequalled for Strength, Purity and Flavor.
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A VERY INTERESTING NOVELTY
For three 3c. stamps ADAMS & SONS CO., 11 & 13 Jarvis St., Toronto, will send a set of 16 paper dolls, with changeable heads and bodies.

WHAT Ladies Think of our New Patent Holder.

The following are a few of the many unsolicited testimonials which have come to us from nearly every state in the Union. Nearly all of these references to the Holder were contained in letters written us by these ladies in answer to our various advertisements, in which we offer to give books on embroidery for a certain number of our silk tags. Incidentally in their letters they have referred to the Holder, and the few lines in each case referring to the Holder we have copied in the following list. Every single letter we have received, in which the Holder is mentioned at all, has been in praise of this improvement. Yours very truly, THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.

September 19th, 1894.
"I cannot refrain from telling you how attached I am to your silks, and how very delightful it is since you have fixed them so they do not tangle. It is certainly the best way we have ever had, and I thank you for the pleasure it has already given me."
Mrs. C. M. F., 837 3rd st., Louisville, Ky.

November 2nd, 1894.
"I think the Holder a magnificent improvement. I use your silks constantly for my work and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep the silk."
Miss J. J., 750 N. 9th St., Phila.

October 19th, 1894.
"I think I have destroyed hundreds of these tags before noticing your nd. on the new covers for silk, which are a decided improvement for handling. Have used quantities of your silk, and consider it the best."
Mrs. C. J. G., Riverside, Montpelier, Vt.

September 3rd, 1894.
"If you have these silks in the holder I certainly would rather have them, as I think the one who invented these holders should have an honor, it making and keeping the silk in place. It would be useless for me to use any other silk sent me, for I would use no other. B. & A."
J. W. [illegible] Welsh & Willis Road, Holmesburg, Pa.

September 19th, 1894.
"Your new Patent Holders are fine, only I very much fear they will not prove a paying thing for you because the silk in the holder goes almost as far again as the silk out of the holders, so the gain is on our side."
Mrs. S. T. B., 416 James St., Syracuse.

January 6th, 1895.
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Mrs. W. C. B., 1325 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

"I am delighted with the New Skein Holder. I would rather pay double the price on it than the old way." Mrs. S. N. Fairmount, W. Va., Nov, 14th.

"I wish to say a word of praise for the New Holders. I use a great deal of silk, always Brainerd & Armstrong's; hereafter shall always buy in the New Holders." Mrs. J. H. L., Ray's Hill, Penn.

March 26th, 1895.
"To say I am pleased with the Holders does not satisfy me. Let me say it is the nicest device to keep silk in order while at work I ever saw. It is perfect in all its parts." Mrs. A. G. H., Oxford, Ga.

February 20th, 1895.
"I am 'in love' with your new Silk Holders."
Mrs. G. A. R., 573 Eaton St., Providence, R. I.

February 18th, 1895.
"I am using the first of your Silk Holders that I have seen, as I had a large supply of your silks on hand put up in the old way. I am delighted with them, but they are too much of a saving to the embroiderer to be very profitable to you."
Mrs. J. C. D., 269 W. 29th St., New York City.

February 23rd, 1895.
"I have for the first time been using some of your 'Asiatic' Filo Floss put up in the Patent Holder. I am perfectly delighted with it and am so glad to have tried it." M. S. W., Norwood, Va.

"I have used your silks for ten years. They are the best. Your Skein Holders are a blessing to the ladies."
Mrs. T. M. M., Paragon Mills, Davideon Co., Tenn.

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